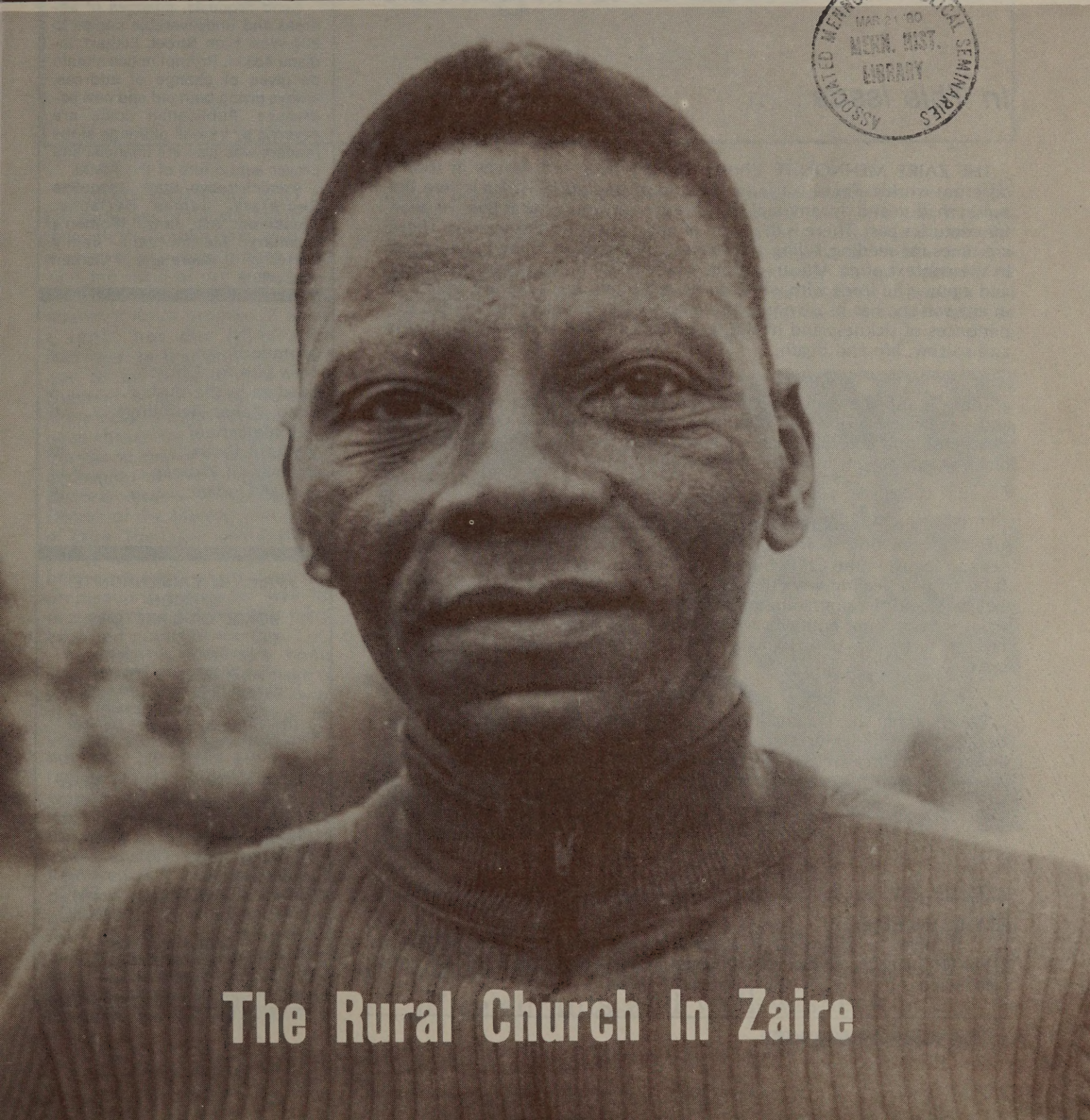
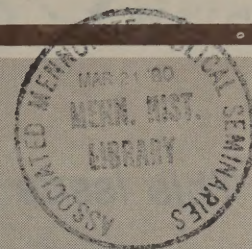


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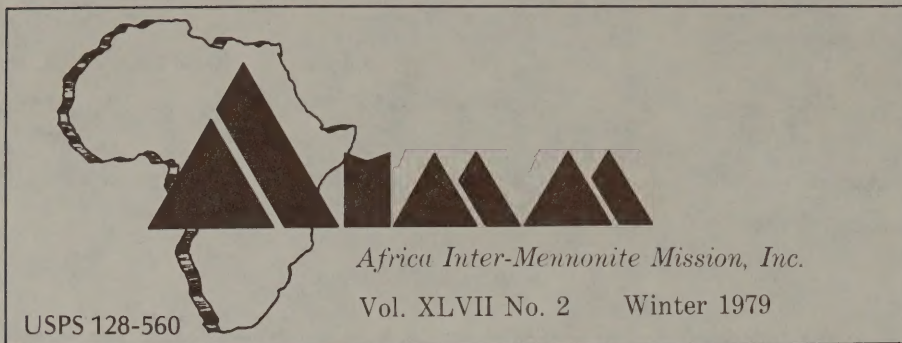


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MESSENGER



The Rural Church In Zaire



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In This Issue . . .

THE ZAIRE MENNONITE Church literally lives and moves in totally different worlds. There is the rural world of traditional Africa where the pulse, rhythm and dynamics of daily life are very much what they've been for centuries past. There is the cycle of moon, sun and the seasons. There are times for seeding, tilling and harvest. Generation follows generation in the context of an African culture which is still in many respects intact and a powerful force with which to be reckoned. It is a culture which, as in any society, has its own interpretation of the fundamental human experiences of sickness and health, good fortune and accident, happiness and sorrow, life and death.

There is also the Africa of the urban centers, the Africa of commerce and government, university education and professional skills, political awareness and international relations, high rise buildings and cinder block shanty towns, inflation and hunger.

The Zaire Mennonite Church is established in and draws its membership from both worlds. In this issue of the AIMM Messenger we seek to focus on the Church in its rural setting. You will find in this issue four articles dealing with the Church's preoccupation with nurture of believers and the upgrading of its leadership. Sandwiched amidst the articles is an account entitled: "Who Makes Lightning?" which brings you face to face with one dramatic facet of the traditional African belief system.

We trust that this issue will help our readers to achieve a broader understanding of the milieu in which the rural Zaire Church lives and moves and seeks to carry on its ministry. In a later issue we will also focus on the Zaire Church in its urban setting.

—JEB

About the Cover:

Pictured on the cover is Elder Bernard, a layman from Mamanya District between Banga and Nyanga, who is so typical of the rural leadership of the Zaire Church in rural areas.

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"Story of a hometown boy who has made good ..."

Nvende Bingu and Tshigina Sume

Don Unruh

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 27, the early rays of the sun shine red through the smoke haze with just a whisper of a cool breeze filled with the smell of dry grasses and smoke so typical of a Zaire dry season. It holds promise of being a long, hot day filled with festivities. In that respect we are not to be disappointed. It is Nvende Bingu's and Tshigina Sume's day. It is the day which has been chosen for the ordination of this young man of 32 years and the dedication of this couple to the pastoral leadership of Kalombo District of the Mennonite Church of Zaire. The hustle and bustle on the grounds which began long before we were up indicates that preparations are under way for receiving and feeding the many expected guests of the day.

Kalombo is Nvende's home area. He grew up in the village of Kahungu just 15 kilometres away. Thus for many in attendance today, it is a story of "a home town boy who has made good." The rapidly growing crowd is evidence enough of local affirmation of what is to take place. In a sense, the story of Kalombo District is also the story of Nvende's life. Removed as it is by considerable distance from the nearest mission post church, it is in reality a "grass roots church." It is today doing its own thing and delegations from the mission post churches have been invited to participate. To understand the full significance of

today's occasion we need to look at the history of the District of Kalombo and to trace how Nvende grew to manhood as a part of that history.

Kalombo has its roots in early evangelisation efforts made by

pioneer missionaries from both Kandala and Mukedi Mission stations. Mr. Near of the Unevangelized Tribes Mission periodically visited Kalombo in the early days. Through his ministry there were a number of



"One cannot doubt that this is an ongoing story of the Church of Christ in Zaire as we observe the milling crowds of celebrants and well-wishers ..."

decisions for Christ. There soon followed a series of resident catechists who came to nurture the small group of believers. The catechists also served as village teachers. It was in the course of this church and school related ministry that Nvende remembers having first heard the Gospel in his nearby home village although he did not at that time fully understand. That was to come later.

PRESENT DAY KALOMBO District lies on the open-rolling savannah of Zaire between Kandala Station 40 kilometers to the north. It today englobes seven congregations which really grew out of the initiative and nurture of the post-independence Mennonite Church of Congo later to be renamed the Mennonite Community of Zaire. It was in 1962 that the church leadership at Kandala Station decided to start to develop a complete primary school of six grades at Kalombo. This decision by the station church was to play a significant role in determining the future of this rural church. Having decided to create a complete primary school there, the Kandala leadership also placed a pastor to serve as the spiritual counsellor for the new community of students and believers. This combined educational-church planning outreach of the Kandala Station Church is so typical of Zaire and has nurtured the faith of so many a young girl and boy such as Nvende. It was as a result of the church/school program in the Kalombo area that Nvende, as he reached school age, was able to attend first and second grade in his home village 15 kilometers away and third and fourth grades in another village 12 kilometers away. It was there in the fourth grade that Nvende made a decision for Christ. He also traces his call to pastoral work to some of the influences and experiences of those early school days. After a Bible exam in which he had done particularly well, his teacher commented: "One day this young man will be a pastor."

"In the midst of interrogation and harassment because of his non-conformity, Nvende is convinced that it was God who spared his life."

Upon finishing fourth grade, Nvende was obliged to go to Kandala Station for his fifth and sixth years since the dream of a complete primary cycle was not yet a reality at Kalombo church center. While at Kandala, sixth grade students were given opportunity to lead morning chapel devotions. Nvende also had his turns. On one occasion after having given his message, a senior pastor remarked: "Some day this 6th year student will be a pastor."

Upon finishing his primary education, Nvende had to go to Mukedi Station, 110 kilometers to the north, to enter a junior high school. Graduating from that two year program, he was next obliged to make his way 200 kilometers to the west to find a senior high school in which he could enroll. In the meantime he had met a girl who was to become his wife who was also a junior high student at Mukedi. During her student days there she was baptized upon con-



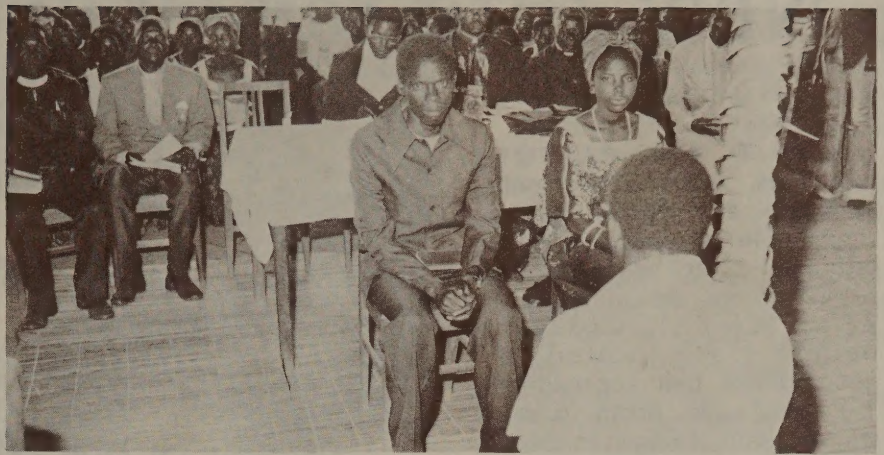
"Through the whole process, he became more convinced than ever that God was leading his life and was calling him to the ministry."

Nvende and Tshigina Suma seated in the chapel for their ordination.

fession of faith and received as a member into the church.

During his years in school Nvende remained in contact with the senior pastor at Kandala and frequently mentioned his interest in eventual theological training. In each exchange of correspondence the pastor encouraged him in his goal but also underlined his need to mature educationally and spiritually. When after his sophomore year he was obliged by lack of finances to look for employment, he was offered a teaching job at the primary school at Kalombo near his home village. It was while Nvende was teaching that the Kwilu Rebellion of 1964 erupted around him. This was a time when his faith was severely tested. He was called before the leaders of marauding rebel groups and before the Kalombo "Revolutionary Council" to be interrogated concerning his religious convictions and practices as were all of the educated people of that time. It was not unusual for roving bands of rebels to systematically exterminate the educated people of a community and anyone else who did not conform to the political demands and ideology of the movement. In the midst of interrogation and harassment because of his non-conformity, Nvende is convinced that it was God who spared his life. He has remained forever grateful. Through the whole process he became more convinced than ever that God was leading in his life and was calling him to the ministry.

In 1970, Nvende was able to marry his fiancée Tshigina. Two years later they were on their way to Kinshasa to the theological training school and the opportunity for study for which he had longed. The Kandala District was sponsoring and sending him.



When Nvende and Tshigina returned home four years later, he expressed his preference to work for the church rather than to again become involved in the school system. The senior pastor, however, advised him to submit his credentials to the local government education office. He was subsequently employed as a steward and overseer of the boarding and lodging programs for the students of Kandala station. This proved to be good experience for assignments which were to follow.

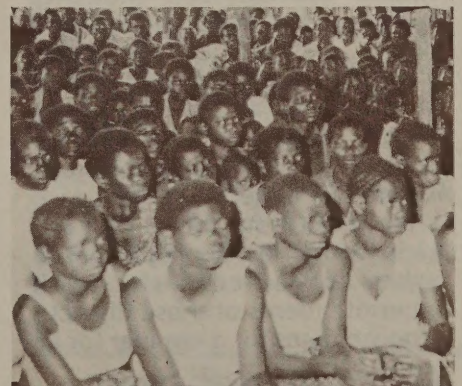
In 1978 his home area of Kalombo submitted a request to the delegates of the church's general assembly to be recognized as a district of the church. When this was granted, the newly approved district promptly called Nvende to come as their first leader. It had happened! A rural, grass roots church calling one of its own sons to give leadership: a son trained in the mission and church schools: a son who had trained for four years in the capital city of Zaire and had acquired an understanding of the social and political realities of an increasingly complex Zaire society: a son who could help them to respond to the Zaire of today.

Nvende's duties are varied at Kalombo. While serving as the junior high school principal he also assumes the pastoral responsibilities of his district. He further has oversight of the total school system of his area which includes a teaching staff of 35 people; 140 junior high students and about 800 primary students in various classes scattered in surrounding

villages 5 to 15 kilometers distant.

As the day's festivities draw toward a close, one realizes something of the awesome responsibilities and opportunities which face Nvende, Sume and their family of four children. One is moved to pray for an extra anointing of the Holy Spirit, an anointing of wisdom, faith and commitment for this man and his wife who have returned to their home district. Nvende has a vision for the Gospel and for continued growth of the church in the rural setting where he has been invited to minister.

THIS IS A STORY, then, of a man and woman brought to faith and maturity in a church/school system so interwoven that they are inseparable. One cannot doubt that this is an ongoing story of the Church of Christ in Zaire as we observe the milling crowd of celebrants and well wishers on the grounds. Young people and adolescents far outnumber the adults. Indeed, it seems to me that the challenge to Nvende and the new district of Kalombo is not tomorrow; it is today!



New Life for Church Leaders

In the Bush

Levi Keidel

ABOUT 400 PASTORS, overseers, resident evangelist-teachers and lay elders are responsible for shepherding the estimated 35,000 believers of our AIMM Mennonite Community in Zaire (CMZA). Groups of believers are located in a geographical belt approximately 150 miles wide, north to south, which begins at Kikwit in the west and stretches eastward some 350 miles to Mbuji Mayi. As a spring can rise no higher level of spiritual maturity than that of their leaders.

What resources do these 400 leaders have for their personal spiritual renewal? In earlier years we followed scheduled itineraries to visit and counsel them on location. That is no longer possible. Deteriorating roads, the growing unavailability of gasoline, and spiralling travel costs have increasingly isolated them. They have little opportunity to fellowship with many of their peers. If they can secure flashlight cells to power radios, they can listen to Christian programs perhaps an hour a week. Apart from their Bibles and hymnals the sum-total of their personal libraries, if stacked, probably would not stand higher than a Sears and Roebuck mail order catalog. Notes they took in Bible class years ago are dog-eared and tattered with use.

Leadership seminars are designed to contribute toward meeting this need. Elmer and Esther Dick made the most intensive use of this method in their Mutena church district. Rev. Mukanza Ilunga and I have launched a similar program on the inter-district level with the end in view of providing all of our CMZA church leaders with a concentrated Bible conference and study experience once every two years.

We select from two to four districts which border upon each other. We consult with superintendents of those districts, propose dates for a seminar for all

“If they can secure flashlight cells to power radios, they can listen to Christian programs perhaps an hour a week. Apart from their Bibles and hymnals, the sum-total of their personal libraries, if stacked, probably would not stand higher than a Sears and Roebuck mail order catalog!”

church leaders of these districts, decide which district center will host the conference, and loan money to the host center to purchase food and prepare lodging facilities. We charge each leader who attends a registration

fee which repays the loan.

Usually the seminar team arrives on a Wednesday. A typical team is comprised as follows: Rev. Mukanza, director of the Department of Evangelism and Church Life; Mrs. Kafutshi





Kakesa, president of the CMZA women's organization; the regional evangelist of the area; a representative from the Theological Education by Extension department plus a representative from our Agricultural Development Program. Eudene and I round out the team.

Subjects taught include church leadership, africanization of worship, evangelism methodology, the Church in the

Scriptures, the Church in other lands, Mennonite doctrine and history, the Christian family, nutrition, and self-help for economic development. While we allow time for discussion and debate of issues under study, we purposely forbid introduction of problems which would lead to divisive palavering. The seminar runs from Wednesday evening through Sunday.

To keep costs to a minimum, we

require that leaders from the hosting district assume responsibility for their own travel cost to and from the seminar. Travel costs for leaders coming from adjacent districts and of team members are subsidized or covered by overseas budget monies. Poor road conditions make travel by MAF plane indispensable.

Church leaders describe a seminar experience as lifting them out of this world. Some confess sin; others are reconciled with each other. They return with new resources for preaching and with new insights for dealing with problems. "If you keep this up for some years," they say, "church life will be turned upside-down." Six weeks after a seminar at distant Lukaka, an older pastor confided, "In my mind, I'm still at Lukaka." Frequently leaders walk from far-flung village churches 70 or more miles away and then home again. We've never heard one complain that he was short-changed.

To date we have conducted five such seminars, reaching 238 church leaders in 17 of our 25 church districts. According to present plans, by the time you read this article we should have made a seminar experience available for leaders in all of our districts except Kinshasa. Pray with us that these seminars will give our leaders fresh commitment to Jesus Christ and new life for the tasks to which He has called them. ■



Photo Credits:

The Local Church Committee and Church Leaders from the Village of Malanga. Photo taken in 1979 by Levi Keidel.

Seminar session with the District Church Council from Situmba/Tskikapa. Photo by AIMM.

The Zaire Mennonite Church (C.M.Z.A.) Administrative Committee meeting in Mukedi, January 1979. Photo by AIMM.

WHO MAKES

LATE ONE AFTERNOON I was doing carpentry work in our back yard. The church bell rang calling people to weekly prayer meeting. Thunder rumbled from a storm cloud building in the distant south. There was a mild crack of lightning. Quickly I looked around me. The sun shone brightly. Overhead the sky was clear blue. Lightning cracked a second time, closer. Then it struck with an ugly loud explosion that sent everybody scrambling for cover. Not a drop of rain fell.

Within minutes I heard the wail of mourning in the direction of the maternity hospital 100 yards away. Then shortly a stream of wailing people came running from east to west across the mission station toward the village, uplifted hands gesturing their flooding grief. How quickly a tranquil atmosphere can be shot through with terror!

People brought word from the village: "Kanda, Elder Mushambu's wife, was also struck by lightning! She has a little life left in her. Blood is coming from her mouth."

Then Mbinga arrived. He's been a friend of many years. He is a bit younger than I and operated the local bookstore. Hard lines etched his face. "Lightning killed my cousin Tembo. She was at the maternity hospital visiting a relative. I beg you to take me to our home village. I have to notify her husband and family."

That meant a 24 mile trip, some of it over very bad road. I prepared the motorcycle, donned my helmet and left with him immediately in hopes of getting home by dark. While my arms and feet worked to safely negotiate ruts and washouts, my mind churned with the portent of these events. Africans say that lightning bolts are sent by some enemy using powers of witchcraft to harm and to kill. An old pastor once described for me how the sorcerer is said to make his lightning medicine. Among other things said to be planted inside the small wooden fetish is a part of his previous victim: a finger tip or a piece of tongue. The sorcerer conjures the fetish until it starts to

shimmer, glow and smoke when suddenly WHOOSH ... it takes off and strikes its victim. On command it is even supposed to return with a part of the victim's body to use next time. Last year a young pastor living in a tribe notorious for its witchcraft told me, "In the name of Jesus I neutralize those fetishes by pouring water on them; then I take them into my hands and burn them up."

Where had this lightning come from? If it was demon inspired how could it strike on the mission station? and hit Christians? Just last week Mushambu had shared with me his perplexity and discouragement because of a series of recent reverses; he had asked for prayer. Now why this tragedy? Lifting my eyes off the road, I suddenly noticed that we were headed into the arch of a brilliant-hued rainbow.

It took 45 minutes to reach the village, 10 minutes there and 50 minutes to return. We travelled the last two treacherous miles in darkness. I dropped Mbinga off at his house and drove to Elder Mushambu's. His wife was on a low rack bed, her head cradled in the lap of a woman friend. She was conscious, in trauma and unable to talk.

"We found her on the floor beside the window where she had been standing," Mushambu said. "She lost two of her teeth. We don't know what happened to them." He lifted her upper lip to expose the gap.

I prayed with her. Then Mushambu took me to the room where she was struck. "She fell onto this aluminum kettle she was holding," he said. "See how it is bent out of round? She fell face down through the doorway onto the cement. See that blood? That's where her head was. I've hunted all over for the teeth ..."

I stooped with a lantern and hunted for myself. "Perhaps she struck herself on this door casement when she fell and swallowed them," I suggested, standing up again. I doubt that he believed me.

I tried to offer other words of comfort, came home and ate supper at nine o'clock.

As Eudene and I shared the experiences of the day there came to mind an account we had heard from another Zairian Church leader of many years experience. He told of being on one occasion summoned to the house of a known sorcerer. His account as

"Where had this lightning come from? If it was demon-inspired, how could it strike on a mission station ... and hit Christians?"

LIGHTNING ?!

del

we recalled it went like this: "He was in his hut, naked. His body was bruised, his face had scrape wounds, his head a swollen bump. He was a member of a witchcraft ring. The others had demanded that he give them a person; it was his turn. He said he had no more to give so they beat him, stripped him of his clothes, took everything in his house and left. He said he had gotten into witchcraft years ago as a youth thinking it was a plaything. When they kill someone, they claim to have power to turn the person into a goat; they eat it together. The one first caught with fat on his lips is indebted to produce the next person. He even told me where their medicine storehouse was located. It was in a hut in the very first row of our village. People living on either side of it were making plans to move elsewhere; the strange noises coming from inside the house during the night did not allow them to sleep. He

"... It struck with an ugly loud explosion that sent everybody scrambling for cover. Not a drop of rain fell."

said that they have power to transform themselves into animals so they can travel without being recognized." He concluded relating his experience commenting: "I've heard people whisper such rumors all my life but never has such a person told me such things before. He had called me because he wanted to clean his hands of that business and get right with God before the others killed him."

We retired for the night, our minds a jumble of questions. Next morning we made inquiry as to how Mbinga was faring. Upon arrival at his home he gave us an enormous stalk of bananas in payment for my cycle trip the previous day. "An old man in our clan got into this sort of business years ago," he said. "Now he's passed it on to his son. Since 1951 seven people in our clan have died from lightning. My mother bore six children; lightning death and other things have taken all but me. I talked to the son in January. I gave him a Bible and a long list of references, and prayed with him. He promised to renounce the business. Now this happens again."

What about Kanda? "She has recovered her voice. She complains of constricted breathing and a splitting headache. She doesn't want to eat; her tongue tastes nothing and her appetite is gone. She told me yesterday that she did not have great fear; she hoped God would restore her health so that she can care for her

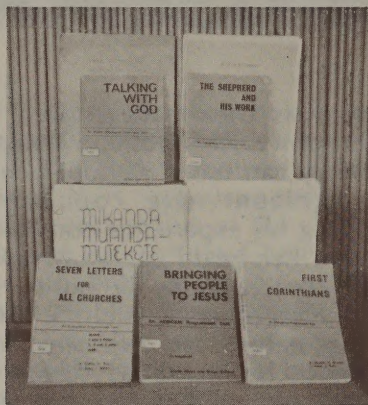
nine children again. Her greatest problem may be surmounting hidden fear that she has been hexed and therefore is doomed."

You who read this account may decide for yourselves what parts of it to discard as nonsense and what parts to believe. It is nonetheless a call to prayer. Eudene and I join fellow believers in giving the people caught up in these events every kind of support we can. How can such events be made to glorify God? Would He not want to turn things around? Pray that those in the families of Mbinga and Mushambu be delivered from their fear and find again the joy of the Lord.

A Postscript: Via a recent update received from the Keidels we have learned that Kanda continued to decline both physically and emotionally for a number of weeks after being felled by lightning. Then a new doctor, a Zairian originally from the Nyanga area, arrived on the station. He had just finished his medical training and had been assigned to his home territory by the government. A committed Christian, he soon heard of Kanda's case. He called her to the hospital and gave her a thorough examination, spotted a low grade case of tuberculosis, assured her that her malaise was purely physical in origin and encouraged her to place her trust in a new way in Christ. She soon began to improve.

Just before the Keidels left Nyanga Station for a 45 day break in October, Elder Mushambu invited them to a thanksgiving feast at his house. Later in the evening they joined a circle of other invited guests in the back yard under a tropical sky as the family presented a short program of praise they had planned together. The crowning moment came when two of their children stood inside the house at the window where their mother had been previously struck by lightning and sang a special hymn of praise through the window for the assembled group of guests outside. Prayers had indeed been answered.

A Bible School



Without

Walls

"WHY DID YOU MISSIONARIES have to wait until I was an old man before you made such a good thing available to us?" This question is a sample of what we hear time after time from church leaders and workers who have participated in courses offered by our Theological Education by Extension program.

What is T. E. E. (as it is called in short)? It is first of all theological study or, more precisely, Biblical study. It teaches about God. It teaches how to work for him in his Church. Secondly, its purpose is to deepen and strengthen the spiritual life of the student. T. E. E. is education. It is built on sound training principles and uses programmed lessons. And, thirdly, T. E. E. is extension. It is the Bible School or Seminary extending itself in a systematic way not only on our stations and larger centers but into the villages as well. If the student for personal, financial, familial or other reasons cannot leave home to go to a training school, the classroom comes to him. The material is studied at home in spare time. Each day a lesson is studied. But once a week he meets with others in his area who are in the same course. With a leader they discuss, clarify,

Rudy Martens

answer questions and encourage one another in their studies or in the practical application of new wisdom in the work they are doing for the Lord.

In some T. E. E. programs the leader travels around from one center to another during the week to lead the classes. He spends full time in this. In the CMZA, however, we are blessed with qualified people in many places so we call on them to lead the classes. In this way we eliminate much expensive travel and operate the program on a basis which the Church is able to maintain by its own means.

So far we have printed six manuals in Tshiluba. There are also about twelve available in Kituba and 2 in French. Others are in the process of being translated, mimeographed and printed. Here is a sampling of the courses available: Prayer, Talking with God; The Pastor and his Work; How to Bring People to Jesus; I Corinthians; General Epistles; Following Jesus; New Testament Introduction and others. In all, thirty-five manuals are being planned. They come primarily from English speaking East Africa so we have to translate them into languages that our people here can understand and use. At least the first few printings of the manuals are done on the mimeograph machine. Later on

"The study of the Word has opened the eyes of many. We would like to get the courses into even the remotest areas of our field and of our Church by organizing a TEE Bible Study center in each of our districts."



Rudy Martens working with the mimeograph.

students enrolled in twenty different centers at one time. Just in the city of Tshikapa we have five places where people come together for their weekly seminar.

The program is hampered by many problems. Frequently our work is delayed for lack of ink or gasoline. On one occasion we waited ten months for a shipment of mimeograph paper before we could print an eagerly awaited manual. To make supervisory trips to the different centers is different because of the gasoline shortage for both land and air travel. Many times we have had to ask our students to be patient. This year our budget was raised considerably but we still have to curtail considerable activity because of cost. Some areas of our fields have had to wait for T. E. E. because of the difficulty or impossibility of access to them. We cannot rely on the post to get our lessons out.

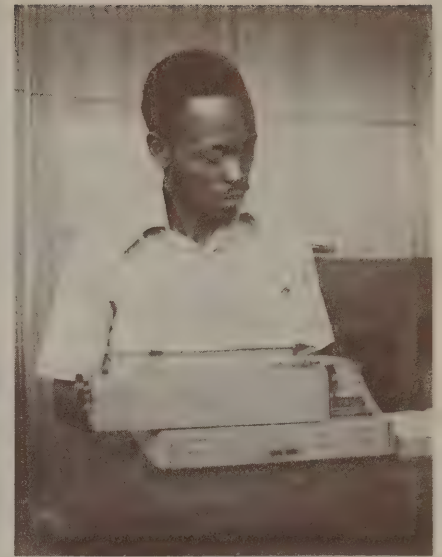
we hope to have them printed more permanently if there is sufficient demand.

It takes ten weeks to finish a course plus one week for the final exam. Courses can be taken in any order and at any time which fits in with the student's schedule. Although the largest number of students are men, we have some women as well.

When a person has completed the prescribed number of courses (about thirty-five), he will receive a diploma. This document is offered as an incentive for study but our primary concern is to better equip the students for the work he is doing for the Lord.

In our residential theological schools we also have 19 or 20 couples involved in preparation. The courses are three or four years in length giving us an average of four or five couples who enter the pastoral work of the church each year. It is very different to say exactly how many people we have studying T. E. E. courses at one time because they are all following different schedules but we are certainly involving many more people in basic Bible study through T. E. E. than would otherwise be the case. When everything is in full swing, we may have a hundred or more

THE STUDY OF THE WORD has opened the eyes of many. We would like to get the courses into even the remotest areas of our field and of our Church by organizing a T. E. E. Bible study center in each of our districts. Our



Rudy Martens' associate in Tshiluba TEE work.

Church needs the stabilizing and revivifying influence that the study of the Scriptures can have upon its life. Our hope for the future is to have leaders and laymen alike who are steeped in the Word and whose lives are governed by its teachings. We see T. E. E. as one of the means of accomplishing this goal. ■



Don Unruh's associate in Kituba TEE work.



WOMAN TO WOMAN

Meh-Zohn Dee-Ah-Koh-Nahl

"Maison Diaconale" is a French term (pronounced *meh-zohn dee-ah-koh-nahl*) used to refer to a growing program of non-formal education designed to help meet the needs of adult women.

Objectives of Maison Diaconale are to help women to discover and to develop their gifts for the benefit of their family, their church and their community. In I Peter 4:10 we read: "God has given each of you some special abilities; be sure to use them to help each other passing on to others God's many kinds of blessings."

Applying this Scriptural admonition within the context of our program here means increasing their Bible knowledge; learning to cook more nutritious meals so as to keep their families in better health; learning to sew for their families and also to provide some added income by sewing for others.

A Maison Diaconale program can be started in a given area when local women become aware of their own need and realize that helpful programs have been started elsewhere. The women here at Mutena, where we serve, became interested in this program when they heard of the work women were doing in other areas. A visit from Mrs. Kakesa Kafutshi, the president of the CMZA Women's Department, gave them further encouragement. One day a group of them had a meeting. During their discussion one of them said, "If others can do it, we can too." It wasn't long until they had agreed on a place of meeting, a schedule for classes, the amount of money each would give and the simple equipment each one would bring. The first three months I helped them but soon

Esther Dick

discovered that several of the women were learning well and so a directress and several teachers were chosen from among them. From then on I taught the teachers and they in turn went into the classroom to teach the other women. Our first sewing projects were a two-piece layette, a child's dress and boy's shirt and shorts. This was all hand sewn. It took perseverance and a willingness to rip seams and re sew them as many times as was necessary to obtain acceptable results. One widow still reminds us how she sewed a whole month on a simple garment because she had to re-do the seams so many times. Today she is our most accomplished seamstress. When the first group of women had sewn sixty-three garments they had a display at which time they explained to those who came to see what their classes were all about. These people were amazed at what the women had accomplished. This, in turn, encouraged them to continue with greater zeal and attracted others to join them.

In our second sewing project they learned how to use the sewing machine. They sewed baby quilts, layettes, dresses, shirts and shorts and African style blouses. When these were all finished they again had a display of their handiwork. The last project they undertook was patchwork quilts, embroidery, applique, knitting and crocheting. The display of this work was much appreciated as people admired the large quilts, embroidered sheets, tablecloths,

wall hangings, knitted baby garments and crocheted doilies. We still follow this same basic program i. e. first sewing by hand, then by machine and finally learning to do detailed needle work.

Seminars are also held to train teachers who can themselves conduct Maison Diaconale classes. It was an exciting day when two of the Mutena women boarded the small mission plane to go as delegates to the first CMZA women's seminar. The ones who were left behind had paid the participation fees for the delegates. They said: "We want them to come back and teach us." Both of the women participated freely in the seminar and came back enthused about what they had learned. Immediately plans were made to call two women



delegates from each of the Mutena sub-districts for a similar seminar here on the station. This was a great success. Seminars for women were then soon held in each sub-district. Men and women spent the mornings in Bible studies led by the pastors. Afternoons were devoted to lessons on nutrition and health taught by the women who had attended the station seminar. The women also had sewing classes in which they were taught to cut and sew garments. This was a new experience for some of them who had never had a scissors in their hand and had never attempted to thread a needle. At the final service the pastor displayed each women's garment as she proudly came to claim her week's handiwork while the audience clapped their hands in approval. There were six seminars of this kind in our Mutena district. In all but one sub-district there is now an established Maison Diaconale program. Women who enroll in classes in the sub-districts send in samples of their sewing for us to evaluate and for advice as to how to improve their work.

One day I met a woman here on the station who had come from a village near the Angola border. She called my attention to the dress her child was wearing and



Esther Dick, President of the Maison Diaconale in CMZA conducting her sewing class and helping a student.

said she had sewn it in a class taught by one of the women who had attended a seminar on the station.

Our Maison Diaconale program has had a greater success as a self help program than we had anticipated. Many women sew clothing for their families and to sell. They have shown real in-

itiative and originality in making African style blouses and children's clothing. Baking bread and making soap for their own use and for sale have also been profitable projects for them in their village settings.

Unity is necessary for a successful Maison Diaconale. This requires a settling of differences in a peaceful manner. One day when a conflict arose within a group one of the women said: "Let's settle this right away. We do not want anything to hinder our work."

We have seen women who attended seminars and Maison Diaconale classes mature rapidly by praying in public and by preparing and presenting messages in women's services. There is a renewed effort to visit the sick and the bereaved. It has brought women into a new role in the church. It has given them a confidence in themselves as others approve of their accomplishments. They have a new view of life and of themselves; are happier, dress neater and have a feeling of belonging. They are making a real contribution to their families, communities and the church.



Student kneading bread while teacher, Kafutshi looks on.

A.I.M.M. UPDATE

Not Musical but Medical Chairs

The heavy medical load at Kalonda station plus barely sufficient medical staff posed a problem as Dr. Dennis and Shirley Ries came due for their furlough this past summer. In spite of the sizeable and able Zairian staff, there is simply too great a work load for one missionary doctor to handle for any length of time. It was clear that a second doctor would have to be found on an interim basis to join Dr. Elvina Martens.

Early in the search for a solution Dr. John and Martha Byler were approached. They are no strangers to Zaire since John has previously served there on three different occasions, first as a single VS doctor and then twice later with Martha and his family.

Yes, there was a willingness to help in a time of particular need, but what sort of arrangements could be made to cover his family practice in South Bend, Indiana?

For some time it appeared that the Bylers would not be able to provide the needed help at Tshikapa for lack of someone qualified to take over his American practice. Then word came to AIMM staff that Richard Hirschler, another doctor who had also formerly served with AIMM in Zaire, was terminating a two year assignment in Taiwan in the summer of 1979 and would be coming to the Michiana area. Correspondence was immediately addressed to Richard and Jeanne explaining our problem and asking if they would consider covering the Byler South Bend practice for a year. After further three way correspondence between them, the Bylers and staff, it was arranged.

The Bylers left the States for Zaire this past summer in late July with daughter Rachel and son Steven and John Jr. Rachel is a student at the American School in



Kinshasa and is part of the student family at the AIMM/MB Hostel in that city. Martha is teaching Steven at home at Kalonda.

AIMM and the Zaire Church are deeply grateful

to the Bylers and the Hirschlers for the ongoing commitment to Christian mission and service which has made this year of interim service possible.

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS AGAIN

Following an initial two year term, and a four month mini-furlough in the States, Stan and Lorri Nussbaum are re-installed in the mountainous little South African country of Lesotho where they have rapidly picked up the strands of their varied ministries and relationships.

Stan is again engaged in a Bible teaching ministry which takes him and Basotho coworkers into the mountains via vehicle and, sometimes, on horseback and afoot. Interest in the Bible courses offered in the national language Sesotho

and developed while drawing liberally upon local cultural concepts is continually growing. In addition to teaching responsibilities, Stan has enrolled in the University of South Africa as a doctoral candidate. The focus of his research for a dissertation will be the interpretation and incorporation of Old Testament themes and institutions in the life and practice of the Africa Independent Churches.

In addition to being mother to daughter, Angela and son, Adam and a hostess for a steady stream of guests



and visitors, Lorri utilizes her training in music in many church related manners in the Maseru community.

Our thoughts and prayers

are with this missionary family as they pick up the routine and responsibilities of a new term of service.



Back to Lesotho

Many of the readers of the AIMM Messenger had opportunity to hear about AIMM's ministries in Lesotho through a reporting of Bob and Joyce Gerhart in various communities of the US and Canada during the past year. Based near Quakertown, Pennsylvania where their children Barbara and John were enrolled in school, Bob and Joyce responded to many invitations to speak both together and individually. Their presentations had to do both with AIMM's over all ministry in Lesotho and with their own specific assignment which for four years was the provision of pastoral leadership for the Maseru United Church, an English speaking congregation comprised of a widely diverse and multi-racial group.

The church grew steadily

during their first term and under the interim ministry of Ron and Cynthia Krehbiel, of Goessel, Kansas. Returning for a second term this past September, they found an enthusiastic welcome on the part of friends and acquaintances within the church and community. For Barbara and John, in many ways it was really like going back home.

In its ongoing relationship with this unusual congregation the AIMM Board is projecting a time when the Maseru Church will be able to assume full responsibility for its total program and its own pastoral leadership thus freeing AIMM personnel for other ministries in that city and country. In the meantime we pray the Lord's blessing upon the Gerharts ongoing witness in that setting.



Anna Returns for the Seventh Time

There is in the AIMM office at Elkhart something called a permanent record file in which cards are kept for all AIMM personnel. The longer missionaries serve with AIMM, the more interesting these cards become for in synopsis form they trace the journeys and sketch the varied activities of the person in question. One such card is the one made out in the name of Anna V. Leichty.

Across the interviewing years since her first term, "Anna V.," as she is best known to her fellow missionaries, has gone to Zaire seven different times and served in a wide variety of teaching roles.

Her most recent return was this past September after a

brief eight week break in the States with family and friends in the Berne, Indiana area. Since 1973 Anna has been on staff of the Kalonda Bible Institute and returned there again this past fall where she devotes a major part of her time to the woman's section of the Institute where a special curriculum is maintained for the wives of men who are preparing for future pastoral duties within the Zaire Mennonite Church.

Since Anna is approaching retirement age, she anticipates this to be her concluding term of service. We wish for her joy and fulfillment and trust that it may be the most rewarding and fruitful term of all.

EDITORIAL

Cultural Authenticity in Africa

A CULTURAL REVOLUTION is taking place in Africa. Creation of cultural centers takes a high priority in our national budgets. The cultural festival of 1977 which drew over 17,000 participants to Lagos, Nigeria can never be forgotten in modern African history. Culture as a way of life and technology of any people, is not bad per se. It should be carefully studied and exploited. In pursuit, the words of Gottfried Osei-Mensah need to be remembered: "The culture of sinful man, insofar as it enshrines his cherished ideals, beliefs and practices, his way of life, is not neutral, but fallen . . . traditions may become corrupted by sinful men . . . culture is not static but evolving." In the light of this, Christian attitude toward culture should be one of adaptation through identification, rejection where it conflicts with Scriptures and renewal through Scriptural judgment.

WITH THE PUSH of cultural authenticity we have today the revival of Traditional African Religion. This is becoming a way of life. It is not uncommon these days to find a church attender who will sing praises to Jesus Christ on Sunday and raise his hands in shouting hosanna and hallelujah, but during the week is bowing down to gods and ancestors who he believes are the only help in times of crisis. To these people it is not a danger and it does not even constitute a theological problem because in their own thinking they have different compartments for different religions for different occasions.

WHEN YOU LOOK into our universities, many of our theological thinkers are strongly advocating a return to what they call "African Traditional Religion." . . . IT is pathetic to find many who profess to be Christians and even hold titles in our churches and denominations, yet are strongly behind the return of African Traditional Religion. Syncretism, which is a practice of mingling many religions together, is a problem that cannot be overlooked.

I DO BELIEVE that Africa is ripe for either revolution or revival. Which way Africa takes will depend upon us as a Christian Africa and upon our commitment to Jesus Christ as our Lord and Saviour.

Guest Editorial
Dr. Tokunboh Adeyemo
General Secretary
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MESSENGER

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INSIDE: "Looking For Heidi"
"Christmas At Peka"

"Our Trip"
"An Evening with Dr. Makina"



Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission, Inc.

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In This Issue . . .

THE TRIP to Africa had been planned for many months. The preparations for such an undertaking were numerous. Since Jenny Bertsche was going back for the first time since 1974, she needed a new passport and the whole gamut of inoculations again. Jim dictated letters to all parts of the world, corresponding with overseas personnel to arrange lodging, travel accommodations, appointments, et cetera. Of course there was also the visas to obtain, pictures to have on hand, medications to pack ("nivaquine" for malaria, "Lomotil" for the stomach, "Bug-Off" for the little creatures that like to "bug" travellers) and of course the packing of everything you will need for 3 months into 2 suitcases!

THE INTENT of this trip, which took AIMM's Executive Secretary and his wife to three different European countries, eight African countries, thirty different beds, on 35 takeoffs and landings and a total of 82 days travel, was to allow them to travel at a more leisurely pace so as to give adequate time to all AIMM missionaries. This extra time allowed them to visit the missionary in both the home and work setting and also to communicate with African church leaders in the surrounding areas.

THUS, THE INTENT of "This Issue" is to share some of the highlights of this extensive journey with the AIMM family in North America. All the articles, except where otherwise indicated, were written by the Bertsches.

— SFB

ABOUT THE COVER

Pictured on the cover is two-year-old Heidi Rempel, whose parents, Dennis and Jeannie Rempel are AIMM missionaries in Upper Volta. She is pictured with her daily playmate.

Editor James Bertsche
Associate Editor Sue Barkman

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Looking For Heidi

Upper Volta

WE HAD ALREADY been at Orodara in Upper Volta for a few days with the Entzes and the Rempels. Although we had talked together about many things, time was slipping by and there was still much to discuss. It was mid-morning on the little vine covered patio of the Rempels simple cement block dwelling. We adults were engrossed in our conversation when suddenly Jeannie Rempel realized that it had been some time since she had seen her little two year old bold daughter Heidi Joy. Assuming that she was just across the path at the Moslem neighbors with her little African girl friend, Jeannie casually made her way to check. She soon returned, however, and told us with a note of alarm in her voice that Heidi was not there. All of us immediately got up and joined in a neighborhood search. Unspoken but much in the mind of each of us was the unsettling thought of the deep dug wells which were to be found in nearly every court yard, and which often were left uncovered.

Twenty minutes later we regrouped in the Rempel courtyard only to learn that she still had not been found. Inquiries made of friends and acquaintances in various parts of the surrounding village had revealed no information.

As concern gradually increased, Jeannie remembered another family in the vicinity that also had small children. Although Heidi was not accustomed to going there, her mother went to check. Sure enough, there she was, happily playing on the dirt floor with her little friend chattering away in her perfectly pronounced Djoula vernacular!

We settled back into our canvas chairs under the vine cover with genuine relief. But we had no more than picked up the trend of our conversation than there was the sound of feminine voices ap-

A group of Moslem commercial women had heard that Heidi was missing, had left their goods under the mango tree and quickly came to help us in our search for the two year old.

proaching behind us. Turning, we discovered a group of Moslem commercial women entering the yard. They had heard that Heidi was missing, had left their goods under the mango trees along the roadside, and quickly come to help us in our search in the event Heidi had not yet been found.

Upon learning that she was safe, one of the women became the spokesperson for the group and said simply, "We came to help look for Heidi. In this village she is not a stranger. We will take care of her like we would our own children. We rejoice with you that she has been found."

AND WITH THAT they turned to make their way back to their roadside goods.

What a tribute to our new missionary team! Although they had lived in that community for only a short while, already there were relationships of goodwill and friendship which cut across borders of language, custom and faith. It is such relationships of trust and confidence that are essential for effective witness and sharing of faith. The groundwork for ongoing witness in Orodara is being laid well. ■



"It is such relationships of trust and confidence that are essential for effective witness and sharing of faith."

"... A missionary was simply told, 'You do remember what the twelfth apostle was like don't you?' "

A Sunday in the Eleven Apostles Church

AMONG THE FIRST African Independent Churches of the Francistown area of northeastern Botswana to respond to the opportunity of Bible study was the "Eleven Apostles Church". Encouraged by their leader, Archbishop Monyatsi, several of their leaders and members have consistently attended Bible studies on a variety of topics conducted by Harry Dyck and Peter Sawatzky, his replacement during the past furlough year of the Dyck family.

Asked once the reason for choosing their name, "The Eleven Apostles Church", a missionary was simply told: "You do remember what the twelfth apostle was like, don't you?" That took care of that particular conversation!

Since our visit to Francistown fell over a weekend, Peter and Marge Sawatzky had made arrangements ahead of time for us to visit their Sunday morning service. We were to arrive a bit before 11:00 a.m.

The Archbishop's Francistown congregation meets in a small rectangular chapel incorporated in his own courtyard. Having commercial interests along with his regular employment as a responsible clerk for one of the large building supply firms in the town,

his yard and the narrow street in front of his parcel are crowded with parked trucks and mechanical parts of various sorts. As we approach, someone waves us down. The Archbishop is not here; he has been called to conduct the funeral of one of his members. The worship service will be held later. "At what time," we inquire? "When the Archbishop returns," is the answer.

At about 1:00 we returned to find the congregation beginning to assemble. The women were dressed in white with head scarves. The men were also in white with various colored sashes worn diagonally from shoulder to waist. Each color denotes some particular function or responsibility within the group. We were greeted warmly and invited to enter.

The women are ushered by other women through the front door of the chapel and are escorted to one side of the platform. The men thread their way between old batteries, axles and crankshafts to a side door where we too are invited to sit on the platform, three steps high upon which a large step-up enclosed pulpit sits at center point. There are backless benches along the sides and back of the little chapel. It has a cement floor, a neatly thatched roof; it is cleanly swept

"It was obvious that for the African, worship, prayer and ministry to the spiritual dimension of human need is not dependent upon expensive masonry or stained glass windows."

Botswana

and the inside walls are painted a cream color.

Archbishop presides over all activities from his seat to one side of the pulpit while his second in command sits on the other side. The Bishop wears the robe of his office and carries an aluminum wand about 3 feet long. His adjutant wears a different robe and carries a shorter wand.

A small women's chorale sits on two benches before us to our left; children are seated quietly on the floor before us to our right. Women sit on the benches along the left wall; men at the back and to our right. There then begins what is to be a 2½ hour service. Some of the highlights were:

- much singing in four part harmony ranging from animated, catchy, quick tempoed songs to slow ones with a haunting dirge-like quality.

- many special numbers by the women's chorale in beautiful three part harmony accompanied by a distinctive clapping of hands in sharply accented counter-point rhythms;

- the quiet, attentive attitude of the children;

- the frequent group prayers which usually start at full volume and gradually recede to a whisper;

- a total of eight speakers including a visiting pastor, two resident lay leaders, all of the visiting missionaries and the Archbishop himself. (An interesting side light is the fact that both lay ministers base their comments upon passages from Hebrews, reflecting the book study they are just concluding with Peter Sawatzky.)

When the last speaker finishes, there is more singing as all benches are cleared away. It is now time for special prayer and the blessing of members. A white enamel pail of water is placed on a chair in front. People with special needs are invited to present themselves to the Archbishop. Each one is given a drink of the water from the pail and then is prayed for in the presence of

everyone in a very specific manner. Before the service is concluded, to our surprise the Archbishop and his subordinates also kneel and ask that we specifically pray for them.

The service is concluded as we all stand in a circle, pray together and file out into the courtyard amidst many expressions of appreciation for our presence and best wishes for our continuing journey.

We had many questions and observations as we made our way back to the Sawatzky's home. How does one explain their amazing ability to harmonize as they sing? How to explain the African genius for rhythm, syncopation, pantomime and gesture? It was obvious that for the African, worship, prayer and ministry to the spiritual dimension of human need is not dependent upon expensive masonry or stained glass windows. What about that pail of water? What about the prayers for healing? What would be the eventual impact of our Bible teaching



Independent Church girls choir singing with gestures and clapping, from Francistown.

ministry among them and the many other groups similar to them? Whatever the answers, we are persuaded that ministry among the Independent Church

folk is an opportunity placed before us to which we must attempt to respond. We trust the Lord to accomplish through our efforts that which pleases Him. ■

More on Botswana



Peter Sawatzky conversing with an IC leader (upper right).

Archbishop Isreal Motswasele of the Spiritual Healing Church and Rev. J. C. Tshwene, pastor and the named director of the Bible School the church intends to start, taken at Mahalkpye' (left).

Christmas Time at Peka

Jim & Jenny Bertsche

THE LITTLE STONE chapel has sat on that knoll overlooking a broad valley for many years. Its walls are laid up in flat, thin slabs of rock. It has had a metal roof until recently a high wind peeled it off. It now stands covered by a thatch roof of local grass.

It is the place of worship of members of the Church of Moshoeshoe (Moh-shway-shway — the name of the founding chief of the Basotho Kingdom) from three nearby villages. In that rural setting, there stands nearby a four wheeled farm wagon with make-shift harness lying where the last team of donkies had been unhitched. Adjacent to the chapel is a small plot of freshly worked ground which is to be planted to corn. There is a brilliant blue sky above us dappled here and there by white clouds. At 5,000 feet the air is a bit nippy. In the distance the carefully tended fields of Afrikaaner farmers are clearly to be seen.

It is the Sunday before Christmas and the time for a special annual celebration planned and organized for all of the area church members by Samuel and Emily Mohono. Because of other commitments we had during the forenoon, we arrive about 12:30 on this rural knoll to find that they have already been in service for some time. We approach to the sound of singing and find them in the process of carrying their benches outside since the crowd, by now, can no longer be accommodated in the little chapel. One row of benches is lined along the chapel wall; a table carrying a small lectern is situated near us. The people then congregate, some on benches, some seated on the grass, some standing, facing us. Samuel Mohono, tall, balding, gray bearded, the son of the

"It was Christmas and the Mohonos were sharing lavishly of what they had with their friends, black and white alike."



Rev. Sam Mohono leading children in a song on Christmas day.

original and founding pastor of this congregation, presides.

First there is a round of introductions as all visitors are presented to the home folks. There are two visiting pastors from another Independent Church some distance away. There are two MCC couples, three AIMM couples and the visiting travellers from Elkhart. There then follows a program of singing interspersed with the reading of passages of Scripture and commentaries on the significance of this time of the year. Periodically Samuel leads in an impromptu song of joy and is immediately joined by the group as he signals the beat with his long

arms.

There then comes the moment for a brief word from the white visitors among them. References are made to the Mohono's journey to America a year ago and the pleasure it is for us now to be able to visit them in turn in their rural home. As the program moves along we become aware of a bustle of activity behind us in the recently vacated chapel. Unbeknown to us, a feast is being prepared. As the service outside comes to a close, a special prayer of thanksgiving is offered in which God is in a particular way praised for the gift of his Son, for the gift of his church and for the gift of friendship and love.

As we are ushered into the chapel, we find a long table laden with food. Emily Mohono had slaughtered a cow from her own herd for the occasion. There were also large bowls of rice, vegetables, greens and gravy. For a drink we were served a local variety of ginger tea. To top everything off, there were even a bowl of "sweets." Emily had not overlooked anything.

Even as we were being served and seated as special guests, heaping plates of food were being carried to others as well, some in the chapel with us and others outside seated on the grass. Some of the older widows had known the pinch of hunger in previous months and likely would again in the days ahead. But not today. It was Christmas and the Mohonos were sharing lavishly of what they had with their friends, black and white alike.

As the afternoon drew to a close and guests began to express their appreciation and their farewells, we were yet to have one more surprise. Emily came from around a corner with a broad smile on her face and a bundle in her hands. Signaling Jenny to come forward she proceeded to drape a lovely Basotho blanket around her shoulders tailored in the form of a cape. Then turning and looking out across the valley below our knoll which contained some of her green growing fields of "mealies" or corn, she said quietly: "This is where I belong. This is my home; these are my people; this is my life."

As we shook hands a last time with Sam, our gracious host, we tried to express our appreciation for the hospitality and fellowship of the day at their hands. "It is rather we who thank you for having accepted our invitation", he countered. "This has been a very special Christmas for us."

As we made our way slowly along the bumpy, country lane to the main road, we reflected on the events of the day and realized how blessed, enriched and humbled we were by this encounter with the warmth and generosity of this extraordinary African couple. In so many ways they embody the best of traditional, rural Africa. ■



Mothers and children keeping tempo by clapping as they sing at Christmas celebration at Peka.

Sam and Emily Mohono in front of their rondavel at Peka.



"We realized how blessed, enriched and humbled we were with the warmth and generosity of this extraordinary African couple. In so many ways they embody the best of traditional, rural Africa."

OUR TRIP

In Terms of Contrasts

— from the back end of bush taxis under a pillar of dust to the soft cushions of airport limosines.

— from sponge pads on split bamboo frames to the inner spring comfort of airport hotel beds.

— from a 3½ hour IC service in the setting of a Francistown junk yard to the rendition of an oratorio accompanied by a symphony orchestra in the Anglican Catholic of Nairobi.

— from a 6 minute flight from Tshikapa to Kalonda to an 8½ hour flight from Amsterdam to O'Hare.

— from cassava mush and boiled greens to a multi-course dinner served with silver and linens in a Belgian home.



In Terms of Vignettes

In Upper Volta

— wheeling vultures in an early morning sky signaling that there will soon be fresh meat in the public market.

— being an uneasy passenger with a jaunty African bush chauffeur barreling along a pot-holed road serene in his faith that either we would arrive or we wouldn't depending on how Allah willed it.

— a communion service with fellow missionaries under an African moon around a little camp fire.

In Abidjan

— a tour of a luxurious tourist hotel overlooking one of the lagoons complete with ice skating rink, two swimming pools, helicopter pad and cafe where one could order flaky French pastries served by a waiter in bow tie and tuxedo . . . all in the name of development, commented our missionary host, tongue in cheek.

In Nairobi

— a large bronze statue of Jomo Kenyatta placidly gazing off across an expanse of lawn toward the mausoleum where his remains lie preserved under 24 hour honor guard with flaming torches mounted on the four corners of the roof.

— a cruelly mishapen man, bent at 90 degrees at the hips, shuffling out of the shadows on a drizzly, cool night in front of the Post Office begging from those who came for mail.

In Swaziland

— great flat-bed trucks grinding their way up the hilly approaches to Mbabane, the capital of that little country, carrying tons of merchandise from the nearby Republic to stock the expatriate owned and operated shopping mall.

In Botswana

— Rebecca Unrau being passed from one set of black arms to the other in the studios of Radio Botswana indiscriminately bestowing chubby cheeked smiles on one and all.

— a road-side sign advertising a pre-Christmas special: a 10% reduction on all coffins!

— Jwaneng, a mushrooming town on the edges of the Kalahari Desert, financed by DeBeers to exploit several recently discovered rich diamond pipes.

— a boy leisurely pumping the tire on a donkey cart beside a well travelled macadam road on the way to Lobatse.

In Lesotho

— a meeting of the Lesotho Federation of ICs under two apricot trees in Mohono's back yard; ripening fruit overhead, a clear view of the Republic across a nearby stream, our host seated upon an upended cement block.

— snowy egrets tracing white arcs against a brilliantly blue sky as they circle two large nesting trees.

— the view from "God Help Me" pass at about 8,500 feet overlooking a highland valley dotted as far as the eye could see with moving white specks, grazing Angorra goats.

— pony trails hairpinning their way down steep slopes toward small mountain streams.

— the yard of the Maseru United Church dimpled with flickering candle light as adults and children joined in a pre-Christmas Sunday evening carol sing.

— stepping aboard a Swiss Air DC-10 on Christmas eve to the sound of carols over the intercom and the sight of holly sprays gracing the inside of the huge cabin.

In Zaire

— our welcome to the AIMM hostel in Kinshasa by the 12 girls and their houseparents, John and Leona Krause.

— listening to a somber secretary of the Zaire Bible Society describe the problems of his home country while just behind him over his shoulder hung a large colored picture of a smiling General Mobutu.

— four high, unfinished cement pylons standing between downtown Kinshasa and the airport, an unfinished memorial to no one is sure what.

— receiving simple love gifts from friends of other days . . . half a dozen ears of corn, a squash, a little clay pot.

— standing at Pastor Kabangy's grave in front of the Kandala Chapel where on another day we had stood with Bible Students surrounded by the smoking ruins of a station that had just been destroyed by rebel bands.

— standing on a government air strip in the bush where during the Kwilu rebellion hundreds of bare chested, bare footed rebel youth armed with machettes marched on machine gun emplacements chanting "Meya Meya".

— sitting in Mrs. Kabangy's little living room listening to her tell of the pressure and hassle she and her family had experienced at the hands of her dead husband's clan.

— reading the little plaque on her living room wall placed there by her husband which read in French: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

— Glenn and Ina Rocke's little hideaway just over the brow of the hill in front of their home at Banga.

— visiting Pastor Muadilu whom we had known in years past as a fiery, wirey pastor who now, after a severe stroke was speechless and barely able to walk with a supporting cane and to feel the anguish of his mumbled efforts of communication with us.

— the crumbling remains of bygone splendor and privilege at Vista, a former expatriate resort center along the Atlantic coast; a luxury hotel now empty presided over by one lone sentry with a limp and a pair of African crows nesting in the dead limb of a nearby tree.

— another empty hotel which for a while had served as headquarters of the local political leaders; a battered typewriter still sits bolted to a cement counter and overhead on a wall the following admonition is still readable: "Please address all requests for information to the secretariat. Order and discipline contribute to progress."

— an army tank roaring out of nowhere to pass us as we pause at a rural roadside stand buying bananas.

— a 75 pound sea bass dangling from a pole on the shoulders of two men coming from their early morning check of nets off the nearby shore.

— an abandoned grove of cashew trees clustered with nuts available for the picking to passers-by.

— the impassioned plea of an old village chief near Djoko Punda for the reassignment of missionaries to his station.

— a 45 minute ride via four wheel drive Toyota to cover the 5 mile stretch between Kalonda and Tshikapa.



Who was Dr. Makina we wondered?

An Evening With Doctor Makina

"... It was the joy of discovery of a new generation of young, able, concerned laymen who take their responsibility with their church seriously."

WE HAD JUST DISEMBARKED from the Cessna 185 at the Nyanga air strip. The round of greetings from friends and co-workers of other days, white and black, had been made and we were on our way up the path toward the station residence where we were to be lodged for a couple of days. As we walked, a note was handed to us. It said simply: "You are invited to our house for supper at 6:00. Dr. Makina"

Who was Dr. Makina we wondered? Upon inquiry we learned that he was a new Zairian doctor who had just graduated from medical school in Kinshasa and had been assigned for service to Nyanga Station.

Six o'clock soon came. As we walked across the station toward his home, we wondered what the concerns of our conversation might prove to be. Would there be an inventory of lacking drugs and supplies at the bush hospital? Did the medical buildings need repair? Was there insufficient staff? Arriving at their front door we were warmly welcomed by a slim man of medium stature and his young bride of a month. Invited directly to the table set with bowls of cassava mush, greens and chicken boiled in palm oil, Dr. Makina soon introduced himself.

Jim & Jenny Bertsche

He was born in a village not far from the station. He was a graduate of Nyanga high school. While at Nyanga he had made a profession of faith and had joined the Church. But it was during his years at university that he had found the Lord in a significant new way. Influenced by a Zairian Mennonite Brethren chaplain on campus, he was drawn into a Bible study/prayer group which met on a regular basis. Through these encounters he for the first time seriously faced the question of the Lordship of Christ in his own life. Surrounded by his fellow medical students most of whom were living riotous kinds of lives, he was forced to reevaluate his own commitments, life plans and, ultimately his relationship with the Lord. The end result was a new kind of commitment to Christ which made a fundamental change in his life.

AND HERE HE WAS, back in the mission/church community where he spent his boyhood, a diploma'd medical doctor in his first months of practice. In terms of training, one of a still small African elite in Zairian society. A person of distinction even in an urban center to say nothing of the rural Nyanga community. A person who could command privilege and prestige; a person who would not need to be in the bush if he didn't choose to be.

And the table conversation? It had to do with the church, its problems, its strengths and weaknesses; the area pastors and their accomplishments and short comings; the CMZA and its central administration; the General Assembly which was at that point still some weeks away; the elections for new church leadership which were being so much discussed everywhere and, finally, his personal concerns for his church as a layman with a university education.

As we were about to finish our meal, there was the sound of footsteps on the veranda. Dr. Makina explained: "This happens to be Wednesday evening; our evening for Bible study and prayer. You are welcome to join us if you have time."

"... Here he was - back in the mission/church community where he had spent his boyhood, a diploma'd medical doctor in his first months of practice."

BIBLE STUDY? At the Doctor's house? On a Wednesday night? With whom? We were soon to find out. Within about 10 minutes some 15 people filed into the little living room of their apartment. Some we recognized from other days, some not. As they introduced themselves, there were a couple of widows from the nearby village; a teacher and his wife; a couple of workmen from the farm; a young fellow without a job from another village; a workman who swept the hospital yard from day to day. They were an altogether improbable group for there was no common denominator that could explain

their meeting that night; no common ground but one, their common interest in Bible study and prayer and their love for the Lord.

After a study of the account of the feeding of the five thousand, the group kneeled for a time of prayer. Several led freely in their local tongue, Gipende. And the prayer agenda? Their local church, their church district, their local pastors, their children and the teachers to whom they sent them day after day, their need for a replacement for Pastor Kabangy who had recently died and, finally, for themselves. Prayed one of them: "Dear Lord, help us to live like your real children here at

Nyanga."

Something over an hour later, the group bid us farewell and left to go their different ways. We stayed on to talk yet another hour with this vibrant young layman. When we too finally took our leave, it was with the joy of discovery... the discovery of a new generation of young, able, concerned laymen who take their relationship with their church seriously. In the midst of many somber facets of the Zaire scene, there are also genuine reasons for hope and optimism for the Spirit of God is at work in the lives of those He chooses. ■

More on Zaire



Kimbadi's home and the Landrover she drives. (See story on page 13 about Mrs. Kimbadi.)



A meeting of the Zaire Administrative Committee at Tshikapa.



WOMAN TO WOMAN

IT SEEMED PROVIDENTIAL that Kimbadi was chosen as the CMZA woman delegate to attend the World Mennonite Conference in July of 1978 — (see Woman to Woman page in the Summer 1978 Messenger). Kimbadi traveled at that time with her husband, President Reverend Kabangy, to Wichita, Kansas and enjoyed this unique World Mennonite experience.

Following the Conference that summer, the couple spent time in the Elkhart area visiting some churches and getting medical treatment. At this time Kabangy was suffering much from cancer of the bone and walked with much difficulty. Many of you readers will remember their visit here among you and the special prayer offered on their behalf. Most of you also know that President Kabangy died on February 28, 1979, leaving behind his wife Kimbadi, their ten children and a host of loving church people.

Before Jim and I left on our extended trip to Africa in November, I prayed that it would somehow be possible for me to get to see Kimbadi. Our schedule as outlined was very heavy and travel up-country in Zaire is always uncertain, but the Lord answered my prayer.

ON SATURDAY, January 19, our MAF pilot Mark Weaver graciously agreed to fly Jim and me along with Peter Falk into the small town of Gungu, where Kimbadi lived. Mark had seldom flown there. The airfield was dry and dusty but we landed safely in a cloud of dust. Immediately scores of small children ran from the village to the plane to see these white visitors. A messenger had gone to Gungu days before to inform Kimbadi that we would try to come on this day if we could. She heard the small plane as it buzzed over Gungu. By the time we landed, she was there in her chauffeur driven old Land Rover to greet us. How excited and glad she was to see us! The smaller children clung closely to their mother, watching our every move.

Kimbadi Kasandji Continues On

Jenny Bertsche

Weather was uncertain and children were surrounding the airplane, so the pilot decided to stay by the plane. Kimbadi insisted that Jim, Peter and I climb in the Land Rover and come to see her home, if only for a short time, which we did. As we bounced along the dirt roads full of chuck holes Kimbadi showed me this church — that school — the soccer field — the chief's house — the stores. Soon the Land Rover drove into a narrow lane and we descended in front of her home. Six of her ten children were present; some of the older ones were away at school. The family dog wagged his tail as if to welcome us too.

Immediately we were ushered into the living room of this spacious but unfinished house and served a cold drink. We saw pictures and reminders of President Kabangy everywhere. Kimbadi couldn't wait to tell us her story. It just poured out in torrents during that hour telling of the special suffering she had gone through. Besides the long illness of her loved one and her loss through death, his clan people had tried to strip her of her home, her car, her house furnishings, her children's clothing and her animals. In fact, after the death, they had already moved into this house claiming ownership. African custom among some tribes in Zaire is that at the time of a husband's death, all the couple's accumulated wealth and possessions go back to the clan of the husband. It is the relatives of the

widow who should then look after her. Being an educated Christian she had pleaded with his clan members to consider her, her ten children, and the needs she would have in the years to come. Over a long period of time, there was much noise, discouragement, and sorrow filled weariness. Finally, well educated Christian friends took her case to a local government official who ruled in her favor.

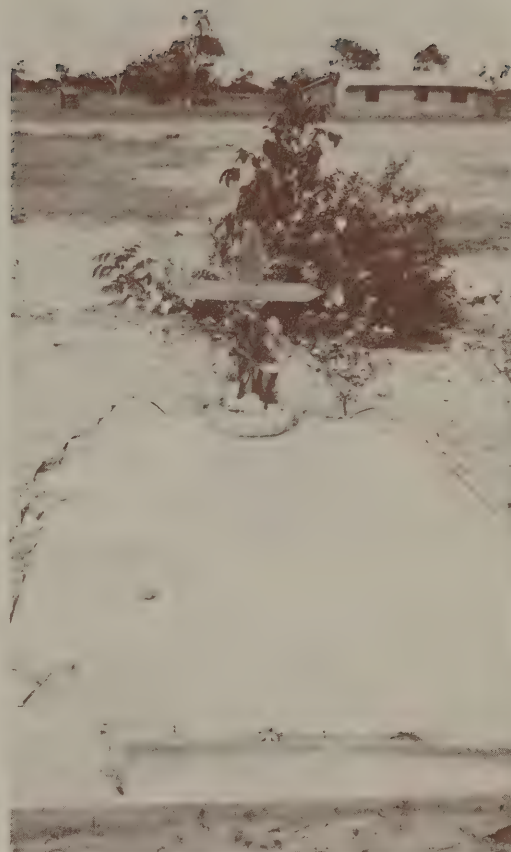
So we found Kimbadi that day occupying her own home with most of the house furnishings, her children's clothing and her Land Rover. After the torrent of words had subsided, she took us lovingly through her home room by room. Then at 2 p.m. in the afternoon she insisted that we come to her table to eat rice, chicken and greens which had been prepared for us. We were impressed with her neatly dressed children who were so well mannered and obviously supportive of their mother in her grief. On the wall we noticed a plaque in French saying, "I have fought the fight — I have finished my course — I have kept the faith". A lovely picture of President Kabangy in his clerical garb stood on the buffet. Someone had woven in his honor a wall hanging out of African grass which hung in full view of the front door.

How happy I was to present to Kimbadi the account of the Educational Trust Fund in Elkhart set up for her children. At this time it was over \$700 and had come from your Women's Groups in Amercia. She was deeply touched and she asked me to thank all of you who had so kindly remembered her. As she talked, we could not help but notice the deep lines of suffering in her face, an accumulation of what she had recently gone through and the realization of what was yet ahead of her in life.

OUR TIME WAS UP. The pilot was waiting out at the airstrip to take us to our next scheduled place. Kimbadi and children insisted on escorting us back to the airplane. Once again we climbed into the old Land Rover with



The MAF plane on which we travelled to the Gungu airstrip.



President Reverend Kabandy's gravesite on Kandala mission station.



Kimbadi and her children pictures in front of their home. Four of the ten children were away at school when this was taken.

"I have fought the fight — I have finished the course — I have kept the faith."

Jim, Peter and children in the open back part and the chauffeur, Kimbadi and I in the front. As we jostled over the bumpy roads in that crowded seat we talked as fast as two women can talk. The time had been all too short. She asked about many things. I assured her that many people were praying for her and of the love and concern for her family shown by her sisters in America. She seemed to

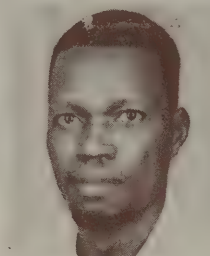
hang on to my every word. As we bumped along she noticed the crinkled, brown, clay, Lesotho beads which I had on. She touched them and timidly asked me to send some like that to her some day if I could. In spite of no elbow room and the jostling Land Rover I managed to get the beads off my neck and around hers. That was the least I could do. We were at the airstrip. Mark was anxiously

awaiting our arrival and still fending off small children from his plane. Fond good byes were given to our perfect hostess and off we flew into the clouds.

This was a momentous day of our African trip. Thank you Lord for making it possible. Do continue to PRAY for this courageous woman and her ten children.

A.I.M.M. UPDATE

Student Renewal in Kikwit



IN KIKWIT, ZAIRE, we came across Miteleji Kibatshi, a high school teacher and layman of the Zaire Mennonite Church, who presently serves as the president of Youth for Christ for his denomination.

For years all church related youth activities had been forbidden by the political party. Within the past couple of years, however, these restrictions have been relaxed and there has been a surge of youth activity across

the country.

We asked our Brother Miteleji to share with us a brief report of his activities and experiences in Kikwit. He writes:

"BEFORE SPEAKING of our christian activities, let me first introduce myself. I was born at Mukedi in 1943. I graduated from high school with a major in sociology. I have served in my church's school system since 1966. I was consecrated a deacon in my church in 1977. I was elected president of Youth for Christ two years ago. I am married and the father of five children. I am currently dean of students of our church's high school in the city of Kikwit.

We and our children: this is the topic which troubles and preoccupies me. There is among us a lack of conscience, irresponsibility, corruption and immorality; these are all sins which destroy people. They are a scourge among us for which only the Gospel is a remedy. The Lord holds me responsible before our present situation. Woe is me if I do not preach the Gospel. Thus it is that the Lord has organized through my efforts seven Bible study and prayer groups. We have also organized seminars. We are convinced that the Lord loves us and that He loves all the world. Because of this we launched our first campaign of evangelism here in Kikwit from August 5 to 8, 1979. During those meetings the following themes were developed:

Man is created in the image of God
Man continues to persecute Jesus
Who is Jesus?
How can we follow Jesus?

Gen. 1:26
Acts 9:1-9
John 4:1-9
Mt. 16:24

IN THE COURSE of that campaign a total of 2,213 people attended, of which 313 professed conversions to Christ.

A second campaign of evangelism was held here in Kikwit during the holidays from January 3 to 5, 1980. The themes which were emphasized were:

Prepare yourselves to meet the Lord
This generation is accused of crucifying
Jesus a second time
Be prepared and ready

Esther 1:10-12

Lk. 23:23 Heb. 13:8
Acts 24:42, 44 Isa. 59

THE LORD HIMSELF was at work during those days for a total of 2,144 people attended the rallies of which 789 were brought to Christ. If together we believe in faith, Africa will be saved.

Pray for us that the work of the Lord may spread and be put in application among us. We greet you, dear brothers, in the name of the Lord.

Your brother in Christ,
Miteleji Kibatshi

Address Update

ON THE FIELD

Kalonda Station

B.P. 1
Tshikapa via Kinshasa
Republic of Zaire
— John and Martha Byler
— Jim and Jeanette Christensen
— Anna V. Liechty
— Glenn and Ina Locke
— Leona Schrag

Tshikapa Station

B.P. 1
Tshikapa via Kinshasa
Republic of Zaire
— Herman and Ruth Buller

Mukedi Station

B.P. 81
Kikwit via Kinsasha
Republic of Zaire
— Don and Naomi Unruh
— Arnold and Grace Harder

Nyanga Station

B.P. 1
Tshikapa via Kinshasa
Republic of Zaire
— Levi and Eudene Keidel
— Mary Epp
— Lodema Short

Kinshasa

B.P. 4081
Kinshasa II
Republic of Zaire
— Earl and Ruth Roth
— Peter and Gladys Buller
— Ruth Keidel
— John and Leona Krause

Upper Volta

Mission Protestants-AIMM
B.P. 40
Orodara, Upper Volta
— Loren and Donna Entz
— Dennis and Jeanne Rempel

Botswana

P.O. Box 703
Gaborone, Botswana
— John and Ruth Kliever
— Henry and Naomi Unrau

P.O. Box 469
Selebi-Piwe, Botswana
— Irvin and Lydia Friesen

Private Bag 24
Francistown, Botswana
— Ron Sawatsky

P.O. Box 669
Francistown, Botswana
— Peter and Marge Sawatsky

Lesotho

P.O. Box MS 365
Maseru, Lesotho
— Ron and Cynthia Krehbiel
— Stan and Lori Nussbaum
— Robert and Joyce Gerhart

P.O. Box 929
Maseru, Lesotho
— John and Tina Bohn

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Bruxelles 1060, Belgium
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Under Appointment

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— John and Mary Pauls
— Dennis and Dianne Schmidt

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Henry and Betty Loewen
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Clearbrook, British Columbia
V2T 1H2

Rudy and Elvina Martens
611½ Kinnard
Ft. Wayne, IN 46807

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Dallas OR 97338

Archie and Irma Graber
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Stryker, OH 43557

Frieda Guengerich
6650 West Butler Drive, Apt. 6
Glendale, AZ 85302

George and Justina Neufeld
609 South Walnut, Box 183
Inman, KS 67546

Anna and Tina Quiring
Box 105, 209 Ninth Street
Mountain, Lake, MN 56159

Mabel Sauder
Route 2
Grabill, IN 46741

Fanny Schmallenberger
183 North Maple
Morton, IL 61550

Russell and Helen Schnell
10599-114th Avenue North
Largo, FL 33540

Merle and Dorothy Schwartz
811 Osage Street
Normal, IL 61761

Vernon J. and Irena Sprunger
665 Hendricks
Berne, IN 46711

Mary J. Toews
Pleasant View Home
Inman, KS 67546

Selma Unruh
202 S. Brich
Hillsboro, KS 67063

Edwin and Irene Weaver
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Hesston, KS 67062

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Pioneer, OH 43554

EDITORIAL



Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission
224 West High Street
Elkhart, Indiana
46514

Mennonite Historical Library
Goshen College
Goshen, Indiana 46526

Zaires Are Only Money

James Bertsche

WE ARRIVED in Kinshasa via a Swiss Air flight from South Africa late on a Saturday evening. It was Christmas Eve.

A good part of Sunday was spent in being a part of a lengthy church service in the city celebrating the birth of our Lord. Incorporated into the already lengthy service was a full scale Christmas pageant. Once again, as we sat on rough hewn, backless benches, we were caught up, oblivious to the passing of time, in the Christmas story which was again unfolding before us through the African's gift for acting. There was the startled Mary before the angel who brought her such strange news: the frightened shepherds crouching under the sound of a heavenly choir: the convincing performance of a jealous King Herod: the trek to the replica of a manger in the corner of the chapel and the invitation to all present to come and lay their own gifts at the feet of the Christ child with the three wise men. It was a good day, especially good in view of the fact that all adults present remembered all too well the years when Christmas had not been recognized by the government as a legitimate religious holiday and workers were forced to go to their places of employment that day like any other. But that was now all in the past. Once again there was freedom to observe Christmas and the Mennonite chapel like all others across that huge city and nation were crowded with worshippers.

Next day was Monday. At 8:00 a.m. President Mobutu came on television and radio to announce a drastic monetary change effective immediately. All five and ten zaire bills were no longer valid currency in the land. They were to be exchanged at the nearest bank by the end of the month for new ones. By noon that day, confusion was supreme in downtown Kinshasa. In the immediate area of every bank, cars were double and triple parked. Some people stood on top of their cars peering across the heads of crowded people, packets of money in their hands, toward bank doors guarded by police. Next morning lines were forming before the banks long before sun-up but still there was uncertainty since only a few people were being admitted at a time. Many many more milled about outside seeking exact information which no one seemed able to provide.

But by the end of that week, answers came more easily. The banks were already out of the new currency. A majority of the people had not yet had opportunity to change their bills. No one knew if they ever would. Slowly but surely the realization dawned that the government had no intention of exchanging new zaires for all the old ones in circulation. It was, in fact, a deliberate strategy to reduce the amount of money in circulation in the land, this in an effort to do something about the wild inflationary spiral of the Zairian economy. In the process, the small savings of many people were simply wiped out.

As we made our way upcountry to visit many of our church districts, we had to wonder in what spirits we would find many of our collaborators and friends. In the light of the kind of financial "wipe out" so many of them had experienced, what would be the mood? the attitude? the agenda they would want to talk about? Who would want to be talking about mission/church issues when everyone had just experienced some degree of financial loss?

THE FOLLOWING two weeks became an unforgettable lesson for us. At first, as we met with groups of rural church leaders, we braced ourselves mentally for finance related questions and appeals that we thought would be forthcoming. But such appeals never came . . . not even once! To be sure there were concerns and requests but they had to do with other issues. They wanted to talk about their schools, the education of their children, the inroads of sects, the growing threat of Islam, the political instability of their country, the future of the Mennonite Church in their land. By implication they seemed to be saying: "Zaires are only money!"



MESSENGER

Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission Inc.
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The Way It Was
A Look Back With The Pioneers





IN THIS ISSUE . . .

THIS COMING year AIMM (formerly Congo Inland Mission) will note its 70th anniversary. Being basically Mennonite, AIMM likes to celebrate "history" as Mennonites are prone to do. However, for AIMM, it doesn't stop there. Learning from the past is essential; appreciating the past is important; but looking ahead is imperative.

WHILE AIMM is constantly looking, planning and praying for its future on the African continent, there is a great appreciation for its past and those who have participated in it. I personally have been touched to see the sincere affection and Christian comradery that exists between the two generations. Since the mission board is about to be 70 years old, it was thought appropriate to let a few of these special people tell us what it was like for them in the pioneering stages of their ministry and to share anything else that the Lord would lay on their heart.

WE ARE PLEASED with this issue. After reading these articles and seeing some of the pictures that accompanied them, we feel even closer to these dear people who have pioneered before us and have an even greater appreciation for their struggles.

ABOUT THE COVER . . .

We see the past and future in this cover. Most of the early CIM/AIMM missionaries had to travel down the long, dark Congo (Zaire) River while being greeted by swarms of mosquitoes, sometimes hostile faces and a culture very strange to them. Looking ahead (lower right) we realize that there are modern-day pioneers (witness the high-rise structures in the background of the city), who are working even now to break down barriers produced by suspicion, fear and sin — using the Only Book.

— SFB

Editor James Bertsche
Associate Editor Sue Barkman

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Aganetha Friesen Enns

Aganetha Friesen Enns was born on July 5, 1910 in the town of Jansen, Nebraska. She trained at Meade, Kansas Bible school, Menonite Hospital in Beatrice, Nebraska and then at Moody Bible School. God granted her a full and rewarding career as Medical Missionary in Africa. She has brought countless babies into the world and has spent endless days and nights nursing the sick and the dying. She is a member of the EMB Conference and currently living in Dallas, Oregon.

"ALL POWER is given unto me — Go ye — Lo, I am with you alway". Matt. 28:19,20 This message and promise from the Saviour has been mine through the years. Many times when I was discouraged or at wits end; these words would help me to continue.

My grandfather was a teacher and a minister. One of his daughters, Sarah Kroeker Anderson was a missionary to Africa. She spent some time at our home and this was my first contact with missionaries. At the age 12 I felt that the Lord wanted me to go to Africa. I was baptized in the EMB church at age 14. My father wanted me to be a teacher and I received a teaching certificate, but the Lord had other plans for me. I was led to enter nurses training and three years later I received my RN degree. After working in the hospital for two years, I went to Moody Bible Institute for some Bible training. At this time I applied to Congo Inland Mission and was asked to leave school and take a special post graduate course in maternity work. I was to go to Congo as soon as possible as nurses were in great demand. I studied some French in the Chicago Berlitz Language school. The plan was for me to have a short term of service in Congo and then go to Belgium for further study. However World War II came along and I continued on in Congo.

In September 1938 I first sailed for Congo by way of Belgium where supplies were to be purchased. Other supplies were to be purchased at Leopoldville, then we took the river boat to Port Franqui. Some of the experiences on the river steamer prepared us for our life with the Africans — such as finding some "bug" protein in the cereal. The Lord gave me love for the Africans and the ability to eat what was set before me, most of

the time.

There were difficult times of working without a doctor and having to do things for which one had no training. There was often a great lack of supplies. I think the hardest thing to experience was to see a Christian going back into sin. The greatest joy I knew was to see a sinner saved by Grace, to see him grow in Christ and become a leader in the Church.

THE BASHILELE people were hard to win to Christ, so we did whatever we could for the boys that came to our school. Their fathers did not supply them with anything. Sometimes they would come with eggs that had been stolen trying to buy a book or a slate pencil. I had taken one such boy to help me in the garden. After a time we had an epidemic of Small Pox and my garden lad, David was a victim. He had a severe case. I thought, if he dies like so many did, then what would happen about our witness to the Bashilele tribe? Relatives came and they wanted to treat David as they treated their cases in the village. They opened the pox and rubbed sand into them. When I did not permit this treatment, they wanted to take him to the village. We prayed and we tried to get him to eat proper food to gain strength. The Bashilele did not think that the white man's food was good for the black man. The Lord answered prayer and David lived. David is now a pastor to his own people.

I think that many Bashilele are now Christian because of the medical work done at Charlesville where the Gospel message was given to each person who came for treatment. Many times the Lord answered prayer when we needed the plane for a medical case. A number of times most of the night was spent in prayer that a life might be spared until a doctor could be flown in to perform the



Early photo taken in the 1920's upon graduation from nursing school.

necessary surgery.

I RETIRED from the Mission Field in 1974 and in December of the same year was married to retired AIMM Missionary Frank Enns. This marriage was brief, for on July 30, 1975 the Lord called Frank home. He had been failing in health for several months.

In September 1975 I started working at Sunshine Home, a retirement home at Buhler, Kansas. I worked there until July 1977. Then because of physical problems, I felt that I could not do justice to the work there. I then moved to Dallas, Oregon where my sister had moved the previous year. Here in Oregon, I am happily nursing some, baby sitting, and doing visitation work for the Ladies Mission Society. *(And of course, her knitting needles are still flying, ed.)*

Aganetha Enns pictures with a new mother, taken in 1973.



Anna Quiring

Anna Quiring was born in Mountain Lake, Minnesota on March 30, 1906. After preparation at Northwestern Bible School and Tabor College, she left for the Mission Field in Africa in 1936, being sent to Nyanga Station. She is a member of the Gospel Mennonite Church in Mt. Lake. In recent years she has been working in a nursing home in Mt. Lake and has been active in teaching and serving in her home church.

SOME OF THE things that helped me rise above adverse circumstances are as follows: I was confident God had called me to the field in Africa. "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." I knew I could count on God's faithfulness. His mercies proved to be new every morning and great was, is and shall be His faithfulness.

When I stepped into the train here in Mt. Lake to begin my first journey abroad; the Lord gave me this message to leave with those who had gathered in subzero weather to bid me farewell. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day." When I first saw a large group of black jungle people on the bank of the river on which we were sailing inland, the question came to me, How can I ever love such dirty naked people? When the river steamer sailed on and the crowd disappeared in the brush, I went into my cabin and on my knees pled with the Lord to give me love, His love, for these people. I knew I would be a failure without that love and concern. *Give love and you receive love in return, became a very real experience in my life.*

One day when I struggled with real discouragement, I again turned to prayer to help me overcome. That night I awoke and heard the drops of rain falling rapidly on the roof of our home. Right then the words of Isaiah 55:10-11 came to my mind. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud — so shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void."

Another experience comes to mind, which I want to share with you. The teachers of our elemen-

tary school decided to go on a sit-down strike. They had informed their pupils just what to do. However, we the supervisors had not been informed. So it really took us by surprise. The fellow who was the bell boy did not ring the bell. He was called and asked to give an account for not being on the job. Little by little it all came to light. Teachers were unhappy about their pay and were going to compel the missionaries to come across and raise their pay. Quite familiar now adays, but not so in the jungles of Africa at that time. My only refuge was again the closet of prayer. The Lord answered with Isaiah 26:3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." To this day I often recall this scripture reference and find it to work.

I LIKE TO THINK I had a bonus experience which not all workers or missionaries have. After an absence of twelve years from my work in the jungles, during which time I cared for my aging Father, my immediate family gave me a round trip ticket to return to Africa, to see my brothers and sisters in the Lord. What a rewarding experience this proved to be. I saw some of the boys who had sat in my Bible classes now standing



Recent photo of Anna Quiring.

as teachers in the class room, or in the pulpit preaching, or others in the dispensary helping the sick. Some of the scared little girls now grown up cooking for students, or also standing in the class room teaching others. Many of them were mothers tending to their growing family. Proudly they would show off their boys and girls God had given them. I came away satisfied to know that our labor had not been in vain in the Lord. God's Word was not returning empty, but it was accomplishing that which pleased God and prospering in the thing where to He sent it.

What a privilege I've had to have a small part in His great work among the jungle people of Zaire. My heart is deeply grateful to God, to my church, and the sending agency as well as many intercessors. His reward will be worth it all. ■

Miss Quiring leaving for her first term in Africa in 1936.





Mabel Sauder

MABEL SAUDER was born on August 8, 1905 near the town of Grabill, Indiana. God spoke to her at a very early age about being a Missionary in a foreign land. Her Missionary career was cut short because of dire family needs. To-day she is living on the farm where she was born and actively serving in the EMC Church of Grabill.

time I re-entered school and college, I was already well versed in Christian Service.

In January 1938, under Congo Inland Mission, I sailed for Africa and arrived at Kalamba Station in the Congo. It was a joy to be placed at the very station these Pioneer Missionaries had talked about. In the early 1940's I was a part of pioneering the new Mutena Station.

Many were the joys and sorrows which I shared with the Africans. There was fear of death. Mothers was dying in childbirth, because of cruel native customs. There were joyful times with faithful workers and Christians. I am grateful for God's protection and care during

these years. These Missionary Service years in Congo were the "Mountain Top" experiences of my life.

In 1952 I was called home because of the illness of Mother. We were able to care for Mother and Father and be with them, until they passed on to their reward. Father, Rev. David Sauder and mother, Lydia had me by their side again when they needed me most.

Yes, Mother's VOW was kept!

I STILL LIVE at home on the farm where I was born near Grabill. I attend the Grabill EMC Church where I am happy in His service.

To God be the glory. ■

It WAS MY privilege to be born in a Minister's home. It was in my childhood days, I was introduced to Sywulka, Mrs. Stevenson and family, Alma Doering, Anna Zimmerman and others who were in our Mission work in Africa. Since my father was Pastor, many of these people were guests in our home.

It was always thrilling to hear of the experiences of those pioneer days of our Mission work in Africa. Mother said that when one would ask me what I wanted to be, I would always reply, a Missionary! The contact with Missionaries already mentioned, no doubt was some reason I gave this answer.

At the age of four, I already knew about Jesus, as Saviour and that He could heal. During an illness, at about four, rather than call a Doctor, I asked that they pray for Jesus to heal me. It was then Mother prayed thus; "If You heal her, she is Yours — even to the Foreign Field". God heard that VOW of Mother's.

At the age of six, Jesus became my Saviour. At age eleven, I was baptized and joined the Defenseless Mennonite Church of Grabill. At age sixteen, I received my call for Missionary Service. From that time on, I never had any doubt, this was my special service.

Then a period of work and training followed. It was always a joy to be in Christian Service, teaching Sunday School, Daily Vacation Bible School, leading Young People's meetings. At the same time I was taking Bible courses and attending special Mission schools. By the



ARCHIE GRABER

ARCHIE D. GRABER was born on February 6, 1901 in Stryker, Ohio. His training was "in the carpenter shop with his father" and then later at the Moody Bible Institute. His Missionary career has many interesting chapters. Currently Archie and his wife are living in Ohio. Archie's own pen will give you a glimpse of his youth, his Missionary years in Africa and the "now" of his life.

AS A MENNONITE in the early 1900's, I probably should have become a farmer, but like my father, I enjoyed woodworking more. I was not at all sure what I wanted in life and I quit school after 8th grade. I tried a variety of jobs and at age 24 was convinced that I did need more education. I entered an academy and finished my high school in 3 years with a major in art. I still did not feel that I had specific direction but during this time I attended a Bible Conference at Wiona Lake, Indiana. There I was confronted with the issue of full time service for the Lord. I surrendered my will, committed my life, and in preparation entered Moody Bible Institute. While there I felt a call to work in Africa. Following inquiries, my fiancée and I were invited by Mr. Eash in 1930 to meet with the Congo Inland Mission Board.

On April 17, 1930 we graduated from Moody. The weeks following were really exciting! I was ordained to the ministry, we bought and packed supplies for 5 years on the mission field, we were married and on our way to Africa by steam ship. We arrived in Congo June 24, 1930.

Arrival in Africa brought many new things: a new climate, new food, new people and a new work. I remember being offered Congo mush. In fact it was intimidated by my senior missionary that I had to learn to eat native food if I was to succeed as a missionary. I don't think he ever found out that my first few bites went to the high grass — and I decided there and then — if that is what it took — I just did not have it.

Soon after arrival at Charlesville station, I was put in charge of the workmen making bricks. One of the men failed to do his job and I tried in my "best Tshiluba" to scold him. I thought that I had really gotten him properly straightened out when he

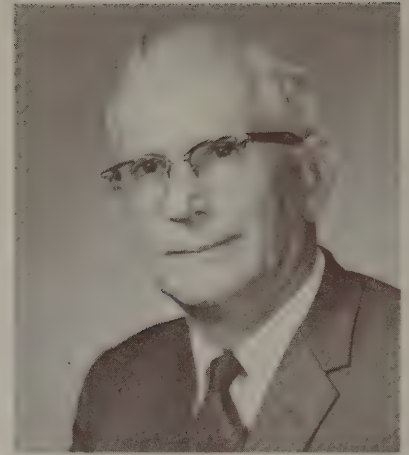
replied, "Preacher, you did not say that right."

One evening we were visiting with an old man in the village. He sat on a mat and we sat on some chunks of wood. We sang and talked about the Lord. We got up to leave and the old man with his face beaming said, "Mama, sing again, How Beautiful Heaven Must Be."

I also remember a Bashilele village where the old men called me aside after an evangelistic meeting. I asked them if they were interested in accepting Christ. "No," they said, "You came too late for us. We cannot believe or understand this new religion. But we want you to teach our children."

Our second term in Africa was an extended one of 10 years, because of World War II. We traveled home on what was known then as a "Liberty Ship". The docks in New York were filled with friends, families and dignitaries who had come to welcome the troops. It was a thrill you can't fully communicate to see the Statue of Liberty and the Stars and Stripes again. Along with the flags they had hung up a huge 8 by 100 foot banner with the words, "Well Done, Welcome Home". Looking back on the years of work in Congo, I felt the Lord put those words up there for us too.

THE LORD PERMITTED us to know testings and hardship along the way. Mother died in '46 before we could get home on furlough. Then Evelyn passed away. Her words were, "Why must I go when there is so much to do?" After this the question arose, should I forget Congo or return alone? The need for a new mission station in the diamond mining territory was presented and so I accepted the challenge and headed back. Convinced the Belgian government and the Forminiére Mining Company to give us the necessary permits to open the station was a major struggle. I spent the better part



of 2 years seeing officials, getting my hopes up one week and being rudely refused the next. Chief Kalonda gave us a parcel of ground and eventually Kalonda station began.

Probably one of the most difficult times of my life as a missionary was the period of rebellion and difficulty which followed Congo Independence in 1960. Especially the years of '60 to '62 were tough, as it involved being separated from my wife and 10 year old daughter. Disaster had struck our church people in Kasai and I went to help in the feeding and rehabilitation of refugees from the tribal wars. It's a heart rending experience to cook your own dish of mush and then have to walk by a crowd of people in order to get into your house so you could eat. They were waiting, hoping for an allotment of food so they could eat and give something to their hungry children. Actually it was a great privilege to be on the distribution end of a world wide effort to help the homeless and starving.

I recall going to Muene Ditu for a load of rice. We had just received word of the arrival of 150 tons at the railroad center. I asked my chauffeur to stop in his home village on the return trip so we could leave some food. We walked through the burned out ruins to an open space. There we found the driver's mother sitting on the ground staring into space. The remains of their charred home was over on one side. Her husband and son had been locked in the house and fire was set to it. She had been tied to a tree near by and she saw

and she heard all that transpired. But now she showed no emotion. "She has no mind anymore," said my sorrowful assistant.

WE'RE AT HOME in Stryker, Ohio after approximately 40 years in Africa. I still enjoy carpenter work. I have a shop and tools in our basement. There I repair and make things for our home and for others as the occasion arises. Good weather months I work at the Sauder Museum demonstrating old hand tools in a craft shop. I still preach some and enjoy visiting the sick and shut-in.

Several months ago a letter from a fellow missionary gave evidence that God continues to work in the lives of people in Zaire, in response to our faithfully giving out His Word. I quote the letter:

"At the village of Iloilo I noticed an extremely old one-eyed man in our service. Later when I came back to check baptismal candidates he was among them, so I inquired about him."

"He used to be the Chief of Iloilo Muene, but his eye got sick and a doctor took it out at Bulape so it would not ruin his other one. Later he had some differences with the elders of the village and they took away his chieftainship and chased him from his home village. He hunted for a place to live so we accepted for him and his two wives to settle with us. After a time passed he said that he wanted to get right with God. He got rid of his second wife and gave himself to Jesus. We have been teaching him and we feel that he is ready to be baptized."

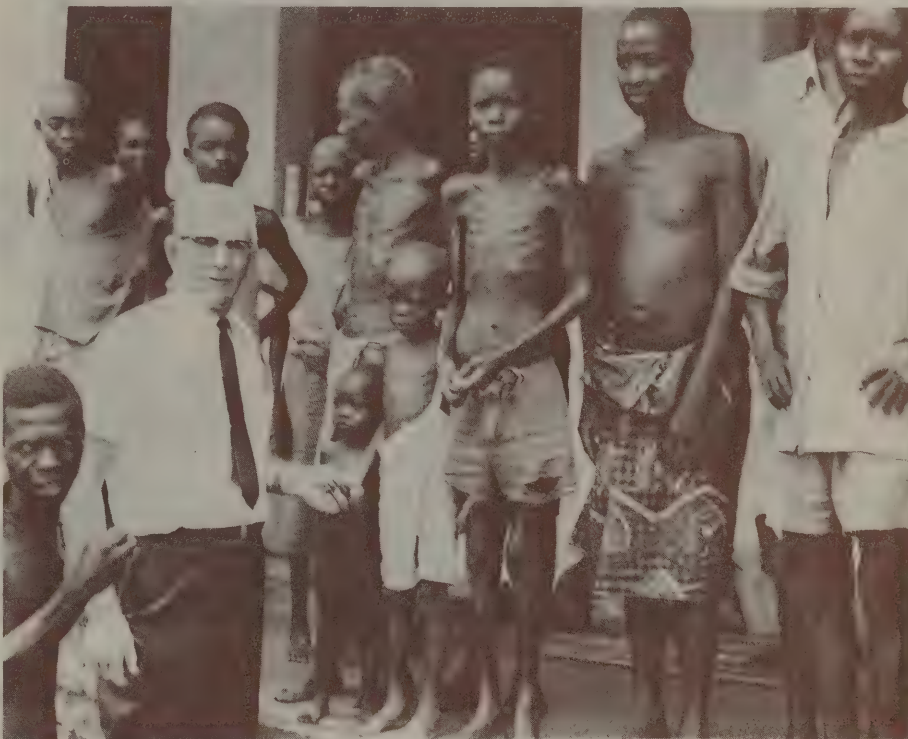
I asked the old chief where he was in 1935 when the people of Iloilo plotted to get the head of missionary Archie Graber. He said that he was sub-chief, but he did not recall the plot. I asked him if he remembered getting a Bible from Graber in Mbuji Mayi. His face lit up. 'I was on the way to Stanleyville where they called all us chiefs. When we got off the plane, they told me that the preacher was there. I hunted him and found him at his place. I was hungry. He gave me beans and milk. Then the preacher asked me about the long trip I was going into with difficult affairs. Would I have

anything to eat? I said that I supposed they who called us would also feed us. He gave me a Bible and he said — You take this with you. Someone can read it to you. If not, whenever you look at it you'll remember God. If you hide that Book in your heart — it will be sufficient for you where ever you go."

The old man continued, "I gave

the Bible to my son and he became an elder in the church. My wife was baptized long ago."

"The next morning we walked a mile and a half to a stream. I went into the water to get myself situated to begin work and called out for the first candidate. Old Chief Iloilo was standing proudly at the head of a line of sixteen!"■



Archie Graber working with the Bakwanga relief program in the early 1960's.

Archie Graber taking time out for fun. Photo taken in the early 1960's.





AGROUND on the KASAI

OMAR AND LAURA SUTTON, born in 1893 and 1894 respectively, were members of the Evangelical Mennonite Church in Woodburn, Indiana. Their service as pioneer missionaries in Zaire under Congo Inland Mission spanned a period of 24 years. Omar married Laura while home on furlough in 1922. They returned to Zaire for three more terms ending in 1942. They later served as missionaries in the Dominican Republic where they opened a new field for the Evangelical Mennonite Church. Because of health reasons, Omar and Laura came back to the U.S.A. in 1949 and made their home in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Omar was called to his Father's house on January 19, 1979, after six weeks of illness. Laura followed him on August 30, 1979, after a stroke.

OMAR'S FIRST trip to Zaire was a long one. He traveled by boat from New York to Liverpool, by train to London, by boat to Matadi (in Zaire), by train to Kinshasa, by riverboat (the S.S. Lapsley) to Luebo, and on foot to Djoko Punda (formerly Charlesville). Here is Omar's account of the riverboat trip from Kinshasa down the Congo and Kasai Rivers to Luebo.

WE WERE IN KINSHASA several days before going on the S.S. Lapsley of the American Congo Presbyterian Mission. About 750 miles up the Congo and Kasai Rivers, we got caught in a sudden storm which nearly capsized the riverboat. The rudder struck a sunken log and was bent so badly that it was impossible to steer

the boat any longer. As a result we landed on a sandbank in the middle of the Kasai River about one-eighth of a mile from shore.

The next day the captain and crew spent the day getting the boat to shore. The captain said we would have to remain there a week or more, until we could get help to straighten the

rudder before we would be able to go on to the American Congo Presbyterian Mission. I asked why we could not straighten the rudder there in the forest where we had stopped. His answer was that it could not be done because there was no equipment on board to do it with. I begged permission to help him if he would give orders to the workmen, for they did not understand my language nor I theirs. He finally consented, but said that the big problem was to get the rudder out on the shore without losing it in the water. "That's easy," I said, "Let's get the chain-hoist, a rope and the cable." All were carried on the boat. The captain gave orders and soon we had a cable running from the boat to a large tree. The chain-hoist was hung on a pulley we had slipped onto the cable. Thus far the captain agreed everything was OK. "But how are you going to fasten a chain-hoist to the smooth stem of a rudder?" he questioned. "It will slip off and the rudder will be lost in the river." I asked for the rope. He looked and said, "That small rope will not hold the weight of the rudder. It weighs from

800 to 1000 pounds." I passed the rope around the rudder shaft several times using the *half hitch* method and then asked for the chain and made several half hitches with the chain below the rope. The rope lifted no weight whatsoever as its purpose was to keep the chain from slipping up and off of the smooth stem of the rudder. It worked, and we soon had the rudder out on the shore.

The native workmen soon had a big wood fire going. We cut green saplings to make clubs to be used as hammers. We put the bent space in the fire and when hot enough, we placed it across a heavy wooden trussel taken from the boat. With the native help we hammered the piece straight with the green wood sledge hammers. It was ready to put back in its place.

The work was finished in late afternoon, too late to start on our way up river. Boats on the Kasai River tie up to shore at nights because it was impossible to keep in the channel at night, but the next day we went on our way.

The S.S. Lapsley took Omar to Luebo. From there, the last leg of the journey was a 50-mile walk with a caravan of 139 men carrying baggage and hammocks. Their destination was Djoko Punda (Charlesville), the mission station where Omar spent his first term.

AS WE LOOK back over our four terms in the Congo, our experiences have been many and varied. There were times when our lives were in danger from the angry natives, poisonous snakes, scorpions, insects and deadly diseases too many to remember or to mention, - small pox and yellow fever, sleeping sickness, black water fever, all taking their toll.

My first term on the field I had fever above 106 degrees, according to the doctor. I had passed out as far as the missionaries could discern, when the doors of Glory were opened to me sufficiently to get a little glimpse of our future home. After three and a

half hours I came back and heard the people talking about where I should be buried. For many days after this, I heard the Heavenly music such as I have never heard on earth.

I am satisfied that all we had to pass through in the Congo that was not pleasing to the flesh, will be nothing in comparison with the Glory we shall share when we arrive in His presence and meet those who have been redeemed through the feeble efforts of His servants here below. Not because of our faithfulness, but because He is faithful to His Holy Word, the seed which has been sown in the Congo. ■

Fanny Schmallenberger

FANNY SCHMALLENBERGER was born on March 8, 1906 in Morton, Illinois. She is a member of the EMC Church, Groveland, Illinois. Fanny's Literary skills and Bible lessons have touched many lives. She has had a unique ministry in corresponding with people and always with a touch of humor. After a Mission career of 37 years, she is still living a rich, full life.

I WAS FIVE years old when the Congo Inland Mission sent out its first Missionaries to the Belgian Congo. That was 33 years after the Defenseless Mennonite Church of Groveland was established. Born and raised on a farm near Morton, I had the privilege of attending the Groveland Church. At the age of 12 years I accepted Jesus as my Saviour and two years later was baptized and taken into the church.

I grew up in a missionary atmosphere. For as long as I can remember we heard about missionaries and their work in heathen lands. We were accustomed to missionary meetings. We sang rousing missionary hymns and heard good messages from our pastors. When missionary slides and films were introduced, a new dimension was added to the services and we were challenged anew.

The evening that Rev. and Mrs. Alvin Becker showed their slides from the Belgian Congo the Lord really spoke to me. I had already dedicated my life to Him for missionary service but did not know my field. Now, I knew. It was to be the Belgian Congo. When Rev. Becker asked for volunteers, I went forward along with several other young people. When I got home that night, *I had it out with the Lord and my lame excuses soon faded away.* I felt like I was not at all qualified to go to Africa. However when I yielded my will to Him his joy and peace flooded my soul.

FROM THEN on I began to prepare more specifically for service. I did not want to be only a missionary home on furlough, like the little boy said when he was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up. I was graduated from Ft. Wayne Bible College in 1931 and expected to go overseas shortly afterwards. But God had other plans for me. I spent the following

year at the South Side Mission in Peoria, Illinois. I lived and worked in a poor and disreputable section of the city as a missionary.

On February 2, 1935, Suttons, Yoders, Agnes Sprunger and I boarded an American freighter and we started to sail towards the Belgian Congo. Fifty-four days later we docked at Matadi, the port of entry. Walking down the gangplank to plant my feet on Congo soil, was a new and thrilling experience.

We stayed at the Swedish Mission for a week. It took us that long to finish our official business, wait for car parts, buy food and supplies for the trip inland. When we left Matadi the old Model A from Kalamba and our new Ford truck were really loaded. You can't stretch your imagination far enough to get a clear view of the sardine packed vehicles.

We had to transverse Angola to get to the Congo because there was no direct route from Matadi to Kinshasa. Finally on the 23rd day of our hair-raising, exasperating, dangerous and unbelievable experiences we crossed the border and arrived at Tshikapa. We stopped at the home of an American couple who were affiliated with the Dimaond Co. in the area. They invited us to stay overnight and believe me, we were delighted to do so. We started on our last lap to Kalamba in good time on that nice bright Easter morning. The sun had not yet gone down when we reached the long lane that led to the Station. The missionaries and Congolese were out walking and when they saw us coming they ran towards us and shouted for joy. *It was the most enthusiastic and jubilant welcome I have ever received.* Together we praised the Lord and thanked God for His mercies.

I was assigned to Kalamba, but I spent the first six months at Njoko Punda. Agnes Sprunger had taught the Yoders and me



Miss Schmallenberger in 1940.

Tshiluba on the boat and a few more lessons on the road in Angola. Then she came to Njoko Punda so we could finish the course together. I had my first embarrassing experience one day when I tried out my Tshiluba on a houseboy. He was dusting furniture when I asked him, "Udi uluka, anyi?" instead of "Udi uloka, anyi?" I meant to ask if it is raining but I said, "Are you vomiting?"

Then I moved to Kalamba and settled in. My first assignment was teaching Bible School. We had a small group of young men in the class. As time went on, I acquired an active Bible vocabulary and struggled less to express spiritual truths. The students were patient and always tried to help me out with the word or expression I needed. They also prayed that the Lord would give me a light tongue. I had a folding organ and was soon playing for various singing groups. As time went on added responsibilities brought additional new and varied experiences. I tried to follow my daily schedule but soon found out I could not keep it. There were simply too many interruptions.

At one time I took care of several village babies whose mothers had died. We fed them home-made peanut milk and added calcium. At first they did quite well. Later on however they became very ill and all medication failed. Their Heavenly Father invited them to His Village! This was a painful experience for me and for all who were involved.

The Barkmans and I were alone at Kalamba when Mr. Barkman took seriously ill. Mrs. Barkman

did what she could for him, but he needed a Doctor. In a vision he had seen the Golden Gates swing wide open and also heard the angels singing as they hovered around the gates. He was about to pass through the gates. Mr. Barkman had a pile of lumber drying out in the attic. It was to be used for coffins if the need arose. Mrs. Barkman and I wondered if the first coffin would be made for her husband. How fast could we get word to Dr. Merle Schwartz at Mukedi about 200 miles and 4 ferries away? We had to act. We sent Kafunka in the model A with a note to an evangelist living close by. He came on his bicycle ready to make the trip himself. We gave the messages for Nyanga and Mukedi to him and after a word of prayer he was off to Tshikapa where he would stay for the night.

The next day he hurried off to Nyanga and delivered the messages, mission accomplished. He now had time to rest before his return trip. Someone from Nyanga drove the 75 miles to Mukedi and handed the letter to Dr. Schwartz. The Schwartzs got ready to leave as soon as they could. They arrived on Kalamba station about 3 a.m. the next morning. We were all relieved to see them. Some days later Mr. Barkman began to improve. However the Schwartzs stayed with us until their patient was well on the way to recovery. God answered our prayers for Barkmans and also for the Schwartzs as they ministered to them. God's presence was very real to me during these difficult days and I relearned how sweet it is to trust in Jesus.

IT WAS a thrilling experience for me to lead several Africans to the Lord for the first time. During the years that followed there were many such experiences and each one was special. To teach new converts and other groups the Word of God was a real challenge. Some of the women in the Maternity Ward had never heard the Good News.

I want to tell you about another highlight. Baba Ngala Mata was a slave who was every ounce a Christian. She loved the Lord and we loved her. Her testimony was never in doubt. *Everyone*

respected her because she lived what she lipped! She had no children of her own but raised a number of orphans which was not the custom in those days. Before Ngala and her husband moved to Kalamba she asked God to send missionaries and He did. One day when I was down with malaria, Ngala came to see me. After we exchanged greetings she dropped to her knees and began praying for me. We enjoyed good fellowship because both of us belonged to the same family — God's family. Ngala Mata was one of the happiest and humblest Christians I ever met. Her home was a hut and she had very little of this world's goods. The impact of her life upon mine will continue as long as I live.

As I look back over 37 years with CIM-AIMM I cherish most of my acquaintance with so many fine people. In Zaire I met Africans from various tribes and areas. I learned to know missionaries and people from different nationalities. As Christians the color of our skins made no difference in our fellowship. We were ONE in the Lord. I shall always be grateful to the Lord for sending me to Zaire. I am thankful for the faithfulness of the CIM/AIMM Board also. My family, friends, and home Church stood by me and I thank them as well.

I made the final re-entry to my country as a retiree in 1972. It was not an easy thing to start a new life in the hurry and flurry of living in America. I have adjusted to many things but I'll never be com-



Recent photo of Miss Schmallenberger.

pletely "in" so to speak. I don't think this is possible, having lived more simply in another land.

I keep busy with numerous activities. I consider my real ministry to be in my heavy correspondence. I make it a point to send cards and letters to shut-ins and to those who are in hospitals. Answering letters from foreign countries takes time also and the ones I receive from Zairians usually request Tshiluba materials. I try to accommodate them by translating Bible texts and sending simple outlines.

THERE IS PLENTY to do in my own neighborhood. I thank God for the privilege of serving Him where I am and I want to be faithful. God has never let me down and He never will. He fulfills His promises. "The one who calls you is faithful and He will do it."

I Thes. 5:24 ■

Studying Tshiluba on the S.S. Irma taken in February 1935. From the left: Ray Yoder, Bessie Yoder, Agnes Sprunger (teacher) and Fanny Schmallenberger.



George Neufeld

George B. Neufeld was born on February 12, 1905 in Inman, Kansas. After training at Bethel College he taught school for a number of years and arrived in Congo in 1945. After his return from Africa, George spent many years serving in the AIMM office in Elkhart as Bookkeeper and Treasurer. Currently he and wife Justina are back home again in Inman serving in the Bethel Church as health permits.

"THE ETERNAL God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms" Deut. 33:27.

We arrived at Kalamba station in April 1945. Rev. and Mrs. Barkman who had spent many years in Congo were ready to leave for the U.S. to retire. Now I was the only man on the station and was to take over the industrial work, that is, keep the buildings in good repair and build new ones as needed. Missionaries are sent to foreign countries to preach and teach; but to do this there must be buildings in which to work. I had had quite a bit of experience in carpenter work in the States, such as building a number of garages, small homes as well as a home for ourselves. Here we worked with ready cut lumber and other ready made materials. Now I was faced with the task of building with mud and sticks and making grass roofs. Thus, I had to learn how to set sticks for the walls, how to fill the walls with mud and how to make a good rain-proof roof with grass. The Africans were very patient in showing me how to do these tasks. Since I hadn't had enough time to learn the language, the workmen and I communicated by making signs, and with the help of God, and a missionary language teacher, I gradually learned the language so that I could carry on more easily.

AFTER WORKING at Kalamba for two years we began the great task of building up Mutena Station. Vacated buildings at Kalamba were torn down and the bricks were carried over to the new station and used again. Since this was a much larger station and many more and larger buildings were needed, we also made our own brick wherever we found good clay in old ant hills. We were also clearing the station and this gave us the

needed fuel wood, to fire the brick kilns. Clearing this new station was hard physical work but it was very rewarding to see the cleared plots grow bigger and bigger, and one building after another being finished and ready to use.

The most rewarding work for me was the work with the choirs. Since my childhood I always enjoyed singing and did much of it at home, at work in the fields while working with horses! I also had much opportunity to sing in church choirs, in the church quartet, and in college choruses. Then I had the opportunity to be the choir director for many years in our home church. Now, in Congo, I had the joy of working with the choirs of up to 100 voices and giving music programs on

different occasions. The Africans love to sing and four part harmony comes very naturally to them.

My chosen field of occupation was teaching which I did in the States for 12 years. We enjoyed this work immensely, but my wife and I had both felt the call to go to a foreign field since childhood, and when the call came to go to Africa, we were both ready immediately. We found much joy and happiness in working with the teachers and students in the elementary school on the station, the schools in the outlying villages, the teacher training school, and also the industrial school where we taught furniture making. All these activities kept us busy from morning till night. We walked from place to place, or rode bicycle, supervising and teaching.

THESE YEARS were happy ones for us and we thank God for the blessings we received and pray that the teaching of God's Word will have brought blessings to others.■

The George Neufeld Family in the early 1950's.



A.I.M.M.

UPDATE

Ben and Helen Eidse

BEN AND HELEN Eidse returned to Africa on June 1 after a year of furlough in Steinbach, Manitoba. Ben had a full schedule of speaking in churches all over USA and Canada. They are returning after their 5th term of Missionary service, having first gone to Africa in 1953.

Ben and Helen had the unique experience of travelling to Upper Volta this time before arriving in Zaire. They had been asked by AIMM to pay a short visit to our AIMM team serving in Orodara, among the Muslim people.

Their youngest daughter Grace returned to Africa with her parents. Grace expects to spend about a year working in Kinshasa, before returning to Canada. They

leave three married daughters behind: Hope and Charity in Steinbach and Faith in Virginia, USA.

Ben and Helen have been assigned by CMZA to the Station of Kamayala, where Ben can hopefully finish the translation of the Tshokwe Bible. Ben and his Zairian committee have been into this time consuming project for several years. Ben will also spend a great deal of time with the Pastors of the area and the emerging Church. Helen will return to the Medical work and will give leadership to the Church women.

It will not be easy for the Eidses to return to Kamayala Station. Previously upon returning there, Helen had found the carefully built up



medical work in shambles. Also the starvation in this poor economic area nearly tore her apart. Furthermore Ben and Helen will be isolated, being the only Missionaries in the area! Along with this, Kamayala is near the Angola border, where political incidents often arise.

As other veteran Missionaries, Ben and Helen have weathered

severe illness, isolation, separation from children, long mail strikes — and threats on their life. God is a very present help in the time of trouble. They go with assurance of God's presence — but yet — they count on intercessory prayer on their behalf! Let's remember them, your Missionaries serving on this bush station.

Dennis and Shirley Ries

THE SUMMER of 1979 began a busy furlough year for the Ries family. Having just returned from their first term of medical work at Kalonda, Zaire, they settled in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Dennis enrolled as a student at North American Baptist Seminary. He also worked at the Family Practice Center as a doctor and as a supervisor of doctors in training. Shirley audited some classes at the seminary and accompanied Dennis on many speaking engagements at churches and other gatherings where they presented their involvement in medical work at

Kalonda.

During the Christmas season, Dennis, Shirley, David (6) and Sarah (4) spent time with relatives. Since that time, Rachel was born and is now five months old.

At the invitation of the Zaire Mennonite Church, the Ries family has returned to Kalonda. Dennis is serving as a medical doctor at the Kalonda hospital and in the surrounding area. He is also diligently training Zairian medical staff. Shirley's days are busy as wife, mother and laboratory technician.

The word "adjustment" is a reality for Dennis, Shirley and the children, as it is for all those who face changes. Let us lift them up to God.



L to R: Rachel, Dr. Dennis Ries, David, Shirley and Sarah.

Irvin and Lydia Friesen

IN NOVEMBER of 1979, Irvin and Lydia Friesen left their Bible teaching, ministry among the leaders of African Independent Churches at Selebi-Pikwe, Botswana, to come to the U.S.A. for a short furlough. Their travels included stops in Indonesia and Japan to visit friends and relatives and finally brought them to their home state, California.

The Friesens' plans were that they return to Botswana in April of '80.

While in itineration in Mennonite Brethren churches, their schedule was interrupted when Irvin became seriously ill. After surgery in Enid, Oklahoma, Irvin and Lydia returned to California where he convalesced at a relative's home. The Friesens and those who know the situation marvel at God's healing which has restored Irvin to good health.

Irvin and Lydia were anxious to return to their Botswana assignment and were able to do that in June. To God be the glory - great things He has done!



Harry and Lois Dyck

HARRY AND LOIS Dyck, Heidi and Teddy return to Francistown, Botswana at the end of July. This will begin their 2nd term of service with AIMM, having spent their furlough in Winkler, Manitoba. During furlough they have visited many different churches. Their specific assignment is a Bible teaching ministry to the Independent Churches in the Francistown area.

During our spring AIMM Board meeting, Lois shared with the group that going to Botswana had been a broadening experience for her and more interesting than staying in one little corner. She enjoyed the more casual life style and the International flavor of life in Francistown.

Harry has already worked with 17 different AIC

groups and is working hard on developing inter communication between these groups. AIMM has been asked to help sponsor a learning center in Francistown for all of the AIC groups.

Upon return to Francistown, Harry and Lois plan to spend more time in the study of the local language. Son Teddy will attend school in Francistown. A special concern is schooling for daughter Heidi. She will need to attend school in Gaborone and as yet no living arrangement for Heidi has been worked out.

We send Harry, Lois, Heidi and Teddy back to Botswana with a promise from Joshua 1:5&6 "I will be with thee, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee — Be strong and of good courage —". Do you have the Dyck family on your Missionary prayer list?



KEEP WALKING

JOHN CORNELIUS PAULS and Mary Schrag Pauls are not newcomers to Missions, but they are new to the AIMM family. John and Mary have the unique experience of finding each other and marrying while serving on the Mission Field in India.

John was born in Winkler, Manitoba. John's father has stated that as a young boy, John seemed obsessed in taking everything apart to see how it worked. For a time as a young man John found himself arguing with the Lord. Finally he submitted his will to the Lord's direction and after training at LeTourneau College, he left for service in India. John has had extensive experience in mechanical engineering, design engineering, surveying, and electronics. He served in India from the years 1958 to 1976.

Mary Pauls comes from Hutchinson, Kansas. She has her RN degree from Bethel Deaconess School and a BS from Bethel College. She has served as Missionary nurse in India from 1953 to 1976. Mary happens to be the Aunt of Leona Schrag, currently serving at Kalonda Station in Zaire.

After returning from India in 1976, the Pauls settled into their comfortable home in Morden, Manitoba. John was in the business of building farm machinery and really enjoying his job. John was willing to step out from his complacent situation. He says, "Life falls into chapters. We are closing another one here at Morden and beginning a new one. We do not know what it holds, but we want to be obedient to the Lord's leading in our lives." Mary tells of a time



when God spoke directly to her with the words, "keep walking". Mary says, "We've discovered that peace comes after commitment."

The Pauls were commissioned on June 29 at the Morden Bergthaler G.C. Church. They will be leaving on August 16 for Zaire. John will be in charge of the Kalonda

garage, which serves mechanical needs for all of CMZA. Mary will be helping in the large medical program at Kalonda.

WELCOME to the AIMM family, John and Mary. We wish you rich joy and blessing as you begin this new chapter in your life!

LAUNCHING OUT

DENNIS AND DIANNE Schmidt of Newton, Kansas were officially appointed to service in Zaire, Africa at the April Board meeting of AIMM. Dennis and Dianne have been in consultation with COM Newton for several years about possible overseas ministries. God has been working in their lives.

Dennis has a BA degree in Secondary Education from Bethel college and has studied for 2 years at the AMBS Seminary in Elkhart. Dianne also has a BA from Bethel. She has a Secondary School teachers certificate. Both Dennis and Dianne taught at the Oklahoma Bible Academy before joining

COM.

Dianne has participated in and led group Bible studies. She has been very active in teaching her home church. She also has secretarial skills. At the Seminary, Dianne has been training in piano and organ. Dennis states that his experience with InterVarsity activities has been very influential in his life. Dennis comes highly recommended to us for Youth Ministries and Bible Teaching. Along with this he has photography and wood working skills.

The Schmidts will be commissioned on August 3 at the First Mennonite Church in Newton. They will then be leaving for Brussels, Belgium on



August 20 for one year of French study. The rest of their first term will be spent in a rural Zaire setting where they will teach in a CMZA Secondary school. Later on they are to be assigned to an Urban area of Zaire to work

with University level young people and with the emerging church.

WELCOME to the AIMM family Dennis and Dianne. We urge you the readers to pray for this young couple just "Launching Out".

EDITORIAL

The Way It Was

NEXT YEAR AIMM will be 70 years old. We are dedicating this issue to the missionary veterans of years past. Of course, only a few of them could be included in this issue. During the year of 1981 you will see more articles by our missionary retirees. They will be sharing with you rich insights into missionary service as they knew and experienced it in years gone by. Others who could be mentioned have already gone on to their eternal home.

God's vineyard needs workers for every generation. Each has his own time and place! Each one of the people mentioned here was called and sent out for his special time of missionary service, to serve in his special corner of Africa.

CERTAINLY THESE early pioneers needed to be fabricated of the warp and woof of life. They were people of strength, character and dedication — but they were human like you and me. In the early 1900's the Congo (Zaire) was still a dark mysterious land to the outside world. There were the perils of disease, heat, unhealthy climate, poisonous snakes, rutted trails for roads, limited food supply, limited medicine, months of no mail, treacherous rivers to cross, and yes, even cannibal tribes.

In working with these articles published here, one pattern comes through clearly and unmistakably. God spoke to them, they felt called to foreign missions, there was submission of their own will to God's will, and there was daily dependence upon the Lord!

TRULY THESE, your servants of God in Africa, were people of unshakable faith. They had a sense of mission and of commitment. Each had his own time and his own place to serve, as God allowed the years of life. Someday God's mosaic pattern will be revealed to the world. We will see how these beautifully woven strands fit into the completed tapestry. This is the way it was. These people are for real. We are proud to present them to you.

— Jenny Bertsche



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MESSENGER



Moses Musenvu itinerant Zairian evangelist.



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Administrative Staff: **Executive Secretary**, James Bertsche; **Treasurer**, Art Janz; **Women's Auxiliary**, Martini Janz, Jenny Bertsche; **Secretary**, Doreen Ratzlaff.

In This Issue . . .

IN THIS ISSUE, we have focused on a variety of African subjects. The main thrust, as you will soon note, is reporting from the AIMM Delegation, which visited AIMM work during July and August of 1980. More on this when you read **pages 8-9** — *Recollections from the AIMM Delegation Travels*. Also, be sure to note Jim Juhnke's informative article on **page 10** concerning the new thrust of *Islam* in Africa. It will not only inform you, but will surprise you as well.

WE HAVE CONTINUED on with the theme "*The Way It Was*," from last issue. We aim to bring you one of these interesting stories each issue (until we run out) from our retired missionaries. This issue welcomes Vernon J. Sprunger on **page 3**.

MOST OF OUR readers will be delighted to read on page 6-7 about the Zaire church's new leadership. *Rev. Mbonza Kikunga* and *Rev. Mukanza Ilunga*, the new President and Vice-President of the large Mennonite church, are featured here. Please be sure to remember these men in your prayers — they have a big job ahead of them.

ABOUT THE COVER . . .

The cover shows Evangelist Moses Musenvu of Zaire. He is a self-appointed evangelist, who travels from place to place, preaching the Word to all who will listen.

Be sure to read the back cover (page 16). James Bertsche has filled in the details about Moses. You're sure to be interested.

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Vernon J. Sprunger

IT WAS AT THE AGE OF 12 while attending a Bible Conference with my parents that I realized God wanted me to be a missionary. Upon graduation from high school, I applied to Moody Bible Institute for acceptance. I was refused admittance because I was too young; I needed to be more mature, they told me. Not wanting to delay my education I accepted a scholarship for Bluffton College. Not coming from a family of means, I needed to finance most of my education myself. I taught school 2½ years and worked at the Goodrich Rubber Company for 4 years. During those last four years I attended Akron University in the evening. In June 1931 I transferred my credits to Bluffton and graduated.

1931 was an important year. I graduated from college in June, married Lilly Bachman in July, quit my foreman job at the Rubber Company in August and left for Africa in September. Being a foreman at the factory, I was receiving a good salary. (Remember, that was during the serious depression years.) The temptation came to me to keep my job and to send money to the Mission Board to pay someone else's missionary allowance. I still would have had sufficient funds to live comfortably in my own home. But I had no peace until I decided that I would go as I had promised the Lord years before.

I WAS ORDAINED in early September and on the 11th of that month we sailed out of New York harbor for a strange land. After a five day interval in Antwerp, we embarked on a second steamer which took us to Matadi, Belgian Congo. The next day we went via train to Leopoldville (now Kinshasa) where we took passage aboard a river boat. We were met upcountry by Rev. E. A. Sommer



Vernon J. Sprunger speaking for the Sunshine Hour for shut-ins at Swiss Village (Berne) Nursing Home, 1980.

who took us via road to Charlesville (now Djoko Punda). It was October 28, 1931. The next day our baggage arrived from the point of debarkation via rented truck. The river ferry was not fastened to the cable that spanned the Kasai River so we loaded only the baggage leaving the truck on the river bank. Eight ferrymen started to row the ferry across the river but it soon became evident that they could not handle it. We headed for a whirlpool which was downstream. The ferrymen told us with alarm that nothing had ever come out of it alive. We prayed and the Lord intervened. The ferry went around the whirlpool and we arrived at the opposite bank a little downstream. God was not finished with us so He spared us.

On October 31 we arrived at Mukedi Station. We needed to learn a new language in order to talk to the Bapende people. In early February 1932 the senior missionary couple went on furlough which left me the only male missionary on the station. It was at that time that I became involved in mission administration,

a role that I filled until retirement brought us home in November 1972.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE was quite something. After three months at Mukedi, I was responsible for the workmen. I was told I'd have to build a house if I wanted to have a place to live. Prior to that I had never even built a bird house! Not knowing the language well enough to give directions to the workmen, I had to write out what I wanted to say each day and have my Aunt Agnes (Sprunger) who was on the same station make the necessary corrections for the next morning's assignments.

In March 1932 I was asked to perform a double wedding ceremony. It was necessary for me to write out every word including the prayer. A few weeks later I had another wedding ceremony but this time only one couple. It seemed reasonable to use the same wording I'd used for the previous ceremony. I proceeded word for word. It was only after it was all over that I realized I had prayed for four individuals when

in actuality there were only two standing before me.

It was during our first term at Mukedi that we had our first graduates from the station Bible School. Until then the students had gone to nearby villages to teach and witness in the forenoons and then attended classes on the station in the afternoons. Now we had teachers available to take assignments farther away from the station. The village chiefs had been warned by the Catholics not to take a Protestant teacher. Dire results had been predicted if any of them dared to do so. The government official was contacted to come to the Mission Station for dinner on a given date. Many village chiefs were also invited to come to hear for themselves what rights they had in regard to schools in their own villages. Many came and the state official informed them that they had the freedom to have one or two schools in their villages especially where the population was sufficient to support two schools. That day we had enough requests from village chiefs to place every one of our Bible School graduates. During those years, as missionaries, we needed to stand up for the African's rights in various situations. There were numerous intimidations but the people learned that they could depend on us to tell them the truth. It was during this time that we got a start in establishing schools off the station among the villages with resident teacher/evangelists. In some cases there were legal battles in which we obtained justice for our people.

We tried to secure strategic locations for our church schools. At one place our oppositions decided to build on the property we had secured. They quickly put up a brick structure only to find that we contested their right to do so. They were ultimately required to remove their structure, brick by brick after which we placed a very nice chapel/school on the site. It was through such experiences that the people became aware of the fact that they could trust us.

In the late thirties the attendance at our Sunday services on

the station increased from around 300 to nearly 2,500. We started using a little card which served as a record of their attendance and their contributions to the work of the young church. Unfortunately there were some who misconstrued the little cards to be tickets to heaven. When we corrected this misunderstanding church attendance diminished considerably. We did, nonetheless, end up with some real jewels, who although illiterate, became wonderful examples among their fellow Africans. We explained to many an individual what it meant to follow Jesus as Saviour. It is true that some who did not fully understand, fell by the wayside but over all were able to open more outposts of witness where we placed more teachers of the Word.

Since Belgium was predominantly Catholic, it was evident that the Protestants needed to claim equal rights. Imagine trying to have a school with no money available for seats or desks, no books in the African language, no buildings, whereas the Catholic schools were heavily subsidized by the colonial government. Finally in 1948 subsidies were offered to our schools if we met certain standards. Since it was required that religion be taught in the schools and since the Mission's school authorities would be the ones to set up that part of the program, our Mission Board gave consent for us to apply for government subsidies. One requirement was that our missionary teachers spend approximately one year in Belgium to learn the French language and Belgian methods of education.

Between our first and second term of service, the Mission Board permitted our family to spend 8 months in Belgium. We were the first missionaries given this opportunity by our Board. It was at the time our schools were first subsidized by the government that the Field Conference decided that I should be the Legal Representative of the Mission. This position was mine for more than 20 years. It gave opportunity for meeting high government officials but it also brought many respon-



Vernon Sprunger in the early 1960's.

sibilities. Many a night was spent until 11 o'clock or later at the desk. During the first years of school subsidies I had the responsibility of being School Inspector as well.

In 1953 we came home for furlough. In June of 1954 we discovered that my wife Lilly had cancer. Surgery and treatments followed. It was not until July of 1955 that we could return to the Mission field again. The doctors could do nothing more so they suggested we return to Africa rather than just sit and wait for further developments. We were stationed at Kandala, a new post which we had acquired from a Canadian Baptist Mission. It was in 1958 that we moved to the city of Leopoldville where I served as interim Secretary of the Congo Protestant Council for six months. Many a time it was necessary to represent one of the 42 member missions at some government office.

The first demonstrations seeking independence from Belgium took place while we were in Leopoldville. On a Saturday afternoon the first event took place. On Sunday morning I asked for audience with the Governor General. It was granted. It was during that interview that the Governor told me that we should pray for the government officials.

In March of 1959 Lilly's cancer again flared up and we came home immediately. Lilly often said that her last term in Congo was her best one. Many times as School Director in the Kandala



Sprunger and Mr. Kakesa Samuel conferring about church business in July 1967.

area she urged the teachers to make known the way of salvation to each child in their classes. She went to her reward in September 1960.

THE MISSION BOARD asked me to help with the work at the Home Office in Elkhart in 1959. Mr. Harvey Driver resigned the following year and I was asked to replace him in the role of Home Secretary. This was a difficult time. Most of our missionaries were evacuated from Congo. How soon could we send them back again? Decisions! Decisions!

Irena Liechty and I were married in 1962. What a welcome word it was when missionaries asked if we would consider returning to Congo as part of the staff there. In the late summer of 1963 we sailed for Congo, now in the capacity of Field Secretary as well as Legal Representative. We installed ourselves at Tshikapa where we had our Mission headquarters following independence.

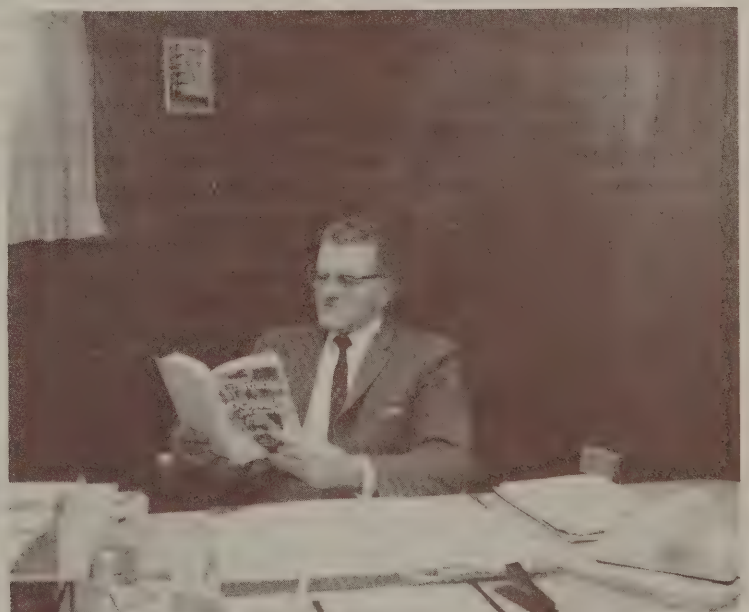
During those years we worked with the Zairians at our side. We tried to orient them to all areas of responsibility such as legal representation, teaching, pastoral work, finances and accounting. There were more uprisings in the land. It was all important that the

Mennonite Church be recognized as an entity in itself.

The crowning event of my 42 years was in May 1972 when papers were signed by all of the missionaries on the field discontinuing the mission organization in Zaire transferring all real estate to which we had title to the Evangelical Mennonite Church of Zaire. We had all worked toward the establishment of a church in that land and the moment had come to turn over all responsibilities to them. The leadership was trained to the best of our ability and now our work became their work. We continue to work side by side with them in areas where they feel they need assistance.

There are many unpleasant experiences during the years a missionary is on the field of service but seeing souls being won to the Lord Jesus far outweighs the hardships that are experienced.

IF I WERE in the position of choosing my career again as a young man I would be ready to again accept the challenge of being a missionary. I know of nothing else that brings the kind of joy and satisfaction that is experienced in full time service for our Saviour. ■



Sprunger as AIMM/CIM Home Secretary in the early 1960's.

New Zaire Church Leadership For A New Decade

IN THE PRECEDING article of this issue of the Messenger, Vernon Sprunger traces for us some of the highlights of his missionary career which stretched across a period of 42 years of service in Zaire and in the AIMM home office. In the course of that span of time, Vernon experienced first hand the transition from a Belgian colonial regime to a politically independent African country. During that time he also made the transition from serving under the sponsorship of a North American Mission Board to that of an autonomous African Church. During those years he also made the transition from a time when white-skinned missionaries filled roles of leadership and authority to a time when missionaries were asked to step aside and to allow their African brethren to take their places.

Those among our readers who have closely followed the unfolding story of the Zaire Menonite Church will recall the names of that first team of African Church leaders i.e. Pastor Ngongo

David, president; Kakesa Samuel, legal representative; Tshilembu Nicodeme, educational secretary and Bukungu François, general treasurer.

New Team

IN 1971 A NEW team came to the foreground and we began to hear of Pastor Kabangy Shapasa, president; Kabongo Bukasa, vice-president plus the familiar name of Bukungu Mishumbi.

Spring of 1979 brought the news of Pastor Kabangy's death due to cancer. For a year, church leadership was provided by the vice president, Kabongo Bukasa. In the meantime, plans were under way for a general assembly of the church at which time a major agenda item was to be the election of new church leadership. Originally scheduled for early January of 1980, the assembly had to be temporarily postponed due to the complications which stemmed from a surprise monetary change announced the day after Christmas, 1979.

The assembly was eventually

rescheduled for late March, 1980 at Kamayala Station far to the south along the Angola border. This time it was possible to convene all of the delegates. Early sessions were devoted to a rewriting of the Church's constitution and to sessions of various commissions. In the vote which then followed, a new leadership team emerged, i.e. *Mbonza Kikunga*, president; *Mukanza Ilunga*, vice president with *Bukungu Mishumbi* continuing as an interim treasurer.

Thus as we stand on the threshold of the decade of the 1980's in our work in Zaire, we have a new team of officers that have just assumed their responsibilities.

THUS WE ENTER a new decade of the history of the Zaire Church with a newly chosen team of leaders. To guide their Church in today's Zaire is no small task. Problems abound but so does the grace of our Lord. They both have specifically requested prayer. We invite all friends of the AIMM to honor their requests.



Mbonza Kikunga: CMZA President

BORN IN a village on the banks of the Kasai River some 18 kilometers to the east of Nyanga Station, he began his quest for education in the little bush primary school of his home village. Staffed by the nearby Protestant Mission with a christian teacher, he early heard about Jesus and the christian faith. Finishing the lower grades near his home he joined other youth from his village who enrolled at Nyanga where he finished his primary schooling and eventually graduated from high school.

After a short teaching stint he pursued his education further and eventually became the first young man of the Zaire Mennonite Church to graduate from what in Zaire is known as a "faculté", (a college level theological training school). His graduation thesis had to do with the theme of separation of church and state, an interesting topic given the close relationship that has existed historically between the two in Zaire.

Following graduation he taught for a while in the high school where he had earlier been a student. It was during that time he was ordained to the ministry by his home church district. Shortly thereafter he accepted an invitation to serve as chaplain and Bible teacher at Tshikaji, the inter-protestant medical training school outside Kananga. After several years there he moved to a supervisory role in the Church's educational system. More recently still he held a position with the provincial government in the field of education. It is from this post that he moved to accept the call of his Church to serve as its president.

His wife Dimuka Ana is the youngest daughter of Pastor Mazemba Pierre, a senior church leader of Nyanga district. She is a lovely, warm spirited person who will be a tremendous help to her husband in his new role of leadership.



Mukanza Ilunga: CMZA Vice-President

MUKANZA WAS BORN into the village home of a rural teacher/evangelist who served under the sponsorship of a Canadian Baptist missionary couple based at Shakenge Station some 100 kilometers south west of Mukedi Station. His pursuit of education was similar to that of President Mbonza in that he too began school in a simple grass and stick shelter in his home village perched on make shift benches. He too left home later to finish his primary schooling at the nearby mission station after which he was among those chosen to go to high school across the Loange River at Nyanga. Also as in the case of Mbonza, Mukanza too came to a personal faith in Christ during his school years on the mission station and was baptized upon confession of that faith.

After graduating from high school and teaching a while, he and his wife were chosen by his church district leaders to go to ISTK, the inter-protestant theological training school in Kinshasa from which they graduated three years later. After serving as the provincial secretary of the Zaire Mennonite Church for three years, he was granted a scholarship to come to the States where he enrolled in the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana in a master's program in christian education. Returning to Zaire upon graduation, he was named Secretary of Evangelism and in that capacity teamed up with Levi and Eudene Keidel sponsoring seminars with district church leaders dealing with themes such as the christian family, African culture and the Christian faith, nurture of the believer, etc. It was as he served in this capacity that he was nominated as a candidate for the Kamayala elections.

Mukanza also has an exceptional wife, Mbongela Mukanza. Some readers of this Messenger had opportunity to meet her when she was in the States with her husband. She too will be a most valuable support to her husband in his new role in the Zaire Mennonite Church. In addition to his responsibilities as Vice-President, he will continue to provide leadership in the area of evangelism.

RECOLLECT THE DELEGATION

The AIMM Delegation members Peter Sawatzky, Marge Sawatzky, and others in July of this year. They concluded

The sound of a warbling bird as we viewed a colorful evening sunset on the fringes of the Sahara Desert.

A dog barking the night away under our second story bedroom window having chased a bush rat under a packing case.

Long, thin loaves of fresh, hot, crispy French bread wrapped in a scrap of brown paper carried home under our arms on a cool, drizzly evening in Orodara.

Tracing the source of a lusty, persistent chirping sound in an early African evening to a tiny green frog perched in a little orange tree near the veranda.

Hearing Siaka Traore, a recent enthusiastic convert from a Muslim family, respond to an inquiry about his friend: "Is he a christian?" "No, not yet!" But the demeanor and tone of voice carried the strong implication that he soon would be!

Indulging in the sheer luxury of a shower after a ride in the rear of a bush taxi in sifting, swirling red dust.

Observing two American couples in a cafe in Ouagadougou on the evening of July 4 chuckling in amusement among themselves, at the inexcusable ignorance of the soft-spoken Indonesian waitress "who didn't even know what day this is in America!"

Encountering a delegation of South African Asiatics returning from Islamic revival meetings in Los Angeles and Detroit.

Scraping heavy frost from car windows on a July morning in Lesotho.

Thoroughly appreciating the innovative hospitality of an AIMM missionary hostess who provided catsup bottles of hot water as foot warmers in a chilly bed.

Watching a sunrise at 31,000 feet over the Sahara Desert through the window of a DC-10.



Bertsche and Siaka Traore outside the Orodara Chapel, Upper Volta.



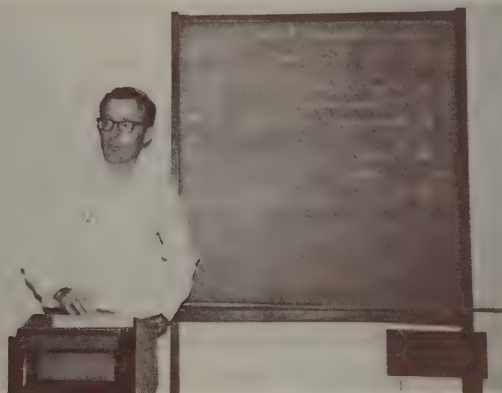
Worship service in chapel at Orodara, Upper Volta.



Coffee break at AIMM Missionary Retreat in Kinshasa, August 1980.

IONS FROM AIMM N TRAVELS

James Bertsche, Art Janz, Jim Juhnke,
filled together to AIMM fields of service
their travels at the end of August.



Jim Juhnke speaking at AIMM Missionary Retreat in Kinshasa, August 1980.



Henry Unrau in the studio of Radio Botswana with colleague.



Missionary inter-change on the veranda of Dennis and Jeanne Rempel home in Orodara, Upper Volta.

Hearing an African friend exclaim that a recent dream featuring a black and white spotted giraffe was suddenly interpreted and understood: "Here we are, blacks and whites, all sitting together!"

Observing an African nation (Botswana) paying unique homage to its deceased leader (Seretse Khama) by maintaining an open mike at the government radio studios for church leaders of whatever persuasion to come to read Scripture, offer words of tribute and comfort and to lead the listening audience in prayer.

Being the guest of a Zairian village couple in the stark simplicity of their partially finished mud and stick, thatch roofed, mud floored home, sharing their cassava mush and chicken meal without the benefit of either table service or napkins while feeling the bonds of our shared concerns, interests and love.

Tasting the tart delight of a stem-ripened pineapple freshly sliced by the light of a kerosene lantern at the end of a long hot day.

Rounding the shoulder of a mountain at a fast clip on a narrow tar road with precipitous drop-offs completely free of guard rails realizing that we were very much at the mercy of mechanical equipment and the driving ability of our African chauffeur.

Moving through Kinshasa during an evening rush hour surrounded by the milling myriads of humanity hurrying to get to wherever it is that they call home.

Visiting a little refugee group in one of the crowded quarters of Kinshasa that was *renting* a *roofless* building in which by day they held improvised classes for their children and where on evenings and weekends they gathered to sing, worship and pray together.

Islam's New Thrust in Africa

Jim Juhnke

THERE IS A new sound in Gaborone, Botswana. It is the electronically amplified voice of Islam, calling the faithful to evening prayer. One can now measure time in this young capital city in Southern Africa not only by the sun and the wristwatch, but also by the call of Islam, inviting the people to bow in the direction of Mecca.

We heard this call in Gaborone in July as part of the Africa Inter-Mennonite (AIMM) board delegation sent to visit our mission work. We wondered if we would find evidence in Africa of the new religious vigor of Islam and the power of Middle Eastern and North African petrodollars. The evidence was not hard to find. Islam is everywhere on the move. And the new vigor of Islam has implications for Mennonite mission work.

A new mosque is under construction in Gaborone on the airport road into town. The Muslims have petitioned the Botswana government to be allowed religious broadcasting time on Radio Botswana on the same basis as Christian groups. AIMM missionary Henry Unrau holds the important position of director of religious broadcasting for Radio Botswana, the official government station and the only radio station in the country.

Henry has been asked to draft a national policy for allocating broadcasting time. He has proposed that time be apportioned according to the percentage of membership of religious groups in the country's population. This proposal would severely limit radio time for the Muslims, who are only a small percentage of the population.

BOTSWANA HAS HAD A "Christian" identity ever since the mission work of David Livingston and his successors 150 years ago. The new vigor of Islam is complicating this traditional Christian identity. AIMM is involved in



Muslim Mosque in Bobo Dioulasso, Upper Volta.

some interesting questions of church-state relations in the process. What would be the implications of a Mennonite missionary administering — or refusing to administer — the allocation of government religious broadcasting time for Muslims? The national broadcasting policies which Henry Unrau drafts will probably set a precedent for years to come.

The Muslim-Christian proportions are quite different in the West African country of Upper Volta, where AIMM missionaries

have been working since 1978. Upper Volta has a multi-party democratic form of government with a Muslim president. The population of the country is said to be about 30% Muslim, 12% Christian and 58% animist. The AIMM missionaries in the remote village of Orodara (Loren and Donna Entz, Dennis and Jeannie Rempel) are testing to see which part of the population will be most receptive to the gospel. Donna has successfully established friendships with a large circle of Muslim women.

“... Recent Muslim thrust is evident as Islamic cultural and educational centers are being built in numerous ... urban centers ...”

Jim Juhnke is Chairman of the AIMM Board and former missionary to Southern Africa. He is currently teaching at Bethel College, (Kansas).

THE FIRST CONVERT from Islam to Christianity in Orodara is a young man named Siaka (Isaac) Traore. Siaka's family made strenuous efforts to keep him from becoming a Christian. He was offered a lucrative scholarship for study in Saudi Arabia, guaranteeing him a promising academic career. Siaka has turned down this offer and is now making a meager living by operating a small Christian bookstore in Orodara with AIMM providing the stock on a commission basis. AIMM now faces the question of what resources should be made available for the education of this promising young Christian leader. In any case, it is clear that Muslim wealth and resolve are available to compete for the future of such a person as Siaka.

In Zaire, the historic field of AIMM work, there is a strongly established Mennonite Church of over 35,000 members. Christian growth has far outstripped

Muslim growth in Zaire — as in sub-Sahara Africa generally. But the recent Muslim thrust is evident as Islamic cultural and educational centers are being built in numerous Zairian urban centers. Mennonite missionaries expect a substantial increase in Moslem activity in the country in coming years.

On the airplane ride from Nairobi to Johannesburg the AIMM delegation was reminded that the current Muslim resurgence reaches into North America as well as Africa. A large group of South African Muslims was on that flight, on their way home from Muslim renewal conferences in Los Angeles and Detroit. They had also made their pilgrimage to Mecca enroute. Each man had paid for his own trip personally. They said they disagreed with the Ayatollah Khomeini's policy of holding hostages in Iran.

AIMM missionary Ben Eidse spoke to the August missionary

retreat in Kinshasa about the new challenges for Christian evangelism among Muslims. He suggested that the proper approach should be one of listening, sharing and bridge-building rather than hostile confrontation. We need to inform ourselves about Islam, and learn to distinguish among its many varieties. There may be the most openness to change in areas of "popular Islam," where the Muslim creed is a thin veneer over traditional African animism.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES historically have had the advantage of representing the world's most affluent religion. The situation is now changing with the sudden vast wealth of Islamic oil-rich countries. Meanwhile a strong Islamic spiritual revival is taking place. Christian missions will need to learn to respond to such changes with wisdom, sensitivity and renewed commitment. ■

Muslim Mosque in Orodara, Upper Volta, 1980.



Robert Gerhart to Join AIMM Office Staff

For over sixty years AIMM worked in a single country of Africa, the Belgian Congo which after political independence in 1960 was renamed the Republic of Zaire. As in the late 60's AIMM worked through the details of a plan of fusion whereby the Zaire church acquired its legal identity and autonomy, the Board also examined its own stance and purpose. It would have been very easy for the Board to have slipped into a passive fraternal relationship with the large Mennonite community which had emerged in Zaire as a result of its work and witness across six decades. Strong opinion, however, was expressed that as a mission board AIMM should continue to be about the business of christian witness and spiritual nurture just as before.

Thus it was that in the early 70's exploratory trips were made by board representatives which ultimately led to the placement of AIMM personnel in Botswana and Lesotho in Southern Africa for a Bible teaching ministry among African Independent Churches. A bit later missionary personnel was also placed in Upper Volta for a ministry of witness and church planting in a neglected area along the Mali border.

With expanding program in Africa, demands upon time and attention of home staff steadily increased. Not only was there more administrative detail to work with but there was also increased need for informing



Robert and Joyce Gerhart, new AIMM Home Staff members. Rev. Gerhart will assume position of Coordinator of Church Relations and Communications in February 1981.

the AIMM constituency of the requirements and opportunities of its expanding program in Africa.

To meet this staff need, the AIMM Board has taken the action of creating a new staff position entitled **Coordinator of Church Relations and Communications**. It is to this position that **Rev. Robert Gerhart** is being called.

Bob, his wife **Joyce**, daughter, **Barbara** and son, **John** are currently in their second term of service in Lesotho where they

have been giving pastoral leadership to the Maseru United Church, an international, inter-racial English speaking congregation in Maseru. Going to Lesotho the first time in 1974 they found a small, struggling group wondering if they had any future. With the Gerhart's gifted and enthusiastic leadership, the church has grown dramatically both in attendance and in its outreach in the city and country. From a beginning of near total dependence upon the help of AIMM,

the group is steadily moving toward financial self sufficiency and a stance of collaboration with AIMM in various ministries of outreach in that little mountain kingdom.

Bob brings strong gifts to his new AIMM assignment. An ordained minister of the General Conference, he holds a degree in Bible and Missions from Grace College of the Bible in Omaha, Nebraska and a BA degree from the Reformed Episcopal Seminary in Philadelphia. Joyce has a BA degree in Bible from Grace as well. After Bob's graduation from seminary they served the Bethany and Flatland Mennonite Church of Quakertown, Pennsylvania from 1963 - 1969. They then moved to Downey, California where they served the Emmanuel Mennonite Church from 1970 to 1974. It was from that pastorate that they accepted an invitation to serve under AIMM sponsorship in Lesotho.

Bob's skills in art, layout, writing and pulpit ministry all equip him in a particular way for the AIMM staff position to which he comes. In addition to being responsible for AIMM publications and publicity materials, it is anticipated that he and Joyce will also spend considerable time in public relations among AIMM's constituent groups. The Gerharts will leave Lesotho in early January 1981 and take up their duties in Elkhart in early February. It will be a joy to welcome them.

New Recruits for Lesotho



Jim and Vicki Egli with son, Blake, new missionaries to Lesotho. The Eglis will be involved in a Bible teaching ministry in the rural areas, assisting AIMM missionaries **Stan and Lori Nussbaum.**

It took some time for openings for a Bible teaching ministry to develop among the Independent Church people of Lesotho. Being generally smaller in size and scattered through that mountainous little country, it took time to develop contacts and to establish relationships of trust and confidence.

Relating primarily to Samuel Mohono, a widely known and respected layman, and to a Federal Council of Spiritual Churches, opportunity for teaching Bible has steadily grown to a point where a second teaching couple is needed to join Stan and Lorri Nussbaum who have pioneered this ministry in Lesotho.

Members of the Trinity Mennonite Church of Morton, Illinois, (OM) **Jim and Vicki Egli** have a good background for their new assignment. **Jim** holds a BA in Bible from Goshen College. In the course of his college work he spent

his junior year at Regents College in England where he concentrated on Biblical languages. During his time at Goshen he also worked one vacation with a black congregation in Chicago and spent one term in Costa Rica in the

well-known Goshen College SST program. Since earning his college degree **Jim** has also taken some courses at the Goshen Biblical Seminary and at the Christian Seminary of Lincoln, Illinois.

Vicki, studied two years at Olivet Nazarene College after which she transferred to Bradley University where she took a BS degree in secondary education with a major in French. During one summer she served on a youth team in France under the sponsorship of the Greater European Mission.

Initially, they are locating in an African village near Maseru for purpose of language study. Their consultant in matters of language and local culture is to be the leader of an Independent Church which has a congregation in that village. After formal language study is completed, they will be assigned, by the Federal Council, to a location yet to be determined.

We welcome the **Eglis** and their son **Blake** to the AIMM team and wish them joy and God's blessing in their new setting and assignment.

George Neufeld Passes

Readers of the AIMM Messenger will recall that **George Neufeld** was one of the AIMM retirees who was featured in our last issue. Little did we imagine as that number went to the press that George would go to his reward before it arrived in his mailbox in Inman, Kansas. Although he had been in steadily declining health for some time, there was no warning of his death which came suddenly on the morning of September 24, 1980 in his home.

Born into a rural Mennonite family in the Inman, Kansas community on February 12, 1905, George's earliest experiences were interwoven with the life and activity of the Bethel Mennonite Church of which he was a life long member.

Having earned his teaching credentials he was united in marriage with **Justina Wiens**, also a trained school teacher, in May 1934. They were privileged to teach together in three different schools of the Buhler-Inman area during the following nine years.

In 1944 they applied to the AIMM (then Congo Inland Mission) for missionary service. They were commissioned in June with the intentions of leaving for Zaire in July but



George Neufeld, pictured in the 1960's as (AIMM Home office) staff bookkeeper and treasurer, whom the Lord called to Himself on **September 24, 1980**.

due to disrupted travel during that war year, they were unable to leave Kansas until November. Their first journey to Zaire took five months. Thus it was not until April of 1945 that they arrived at their final destination, Kalamba Station.

In the last issue of the AIMM Messenger, George himself sketches the highlights of his missionary service. Some of you will want to re-read his article now in the light of his homegoing.

Following the turmoil of political independence in the Congo, George and Justina were invited to join the AIMM staff at the home office where George served as bookkeeper and treasurer and Justina as headquarters hostess until his retirement in 1970. After living seven years in the Elkhart area, they moved to Inman in 1977 where they lived until his death.

Funeral services were held at the Bethel Mennonite Church of Inman on September 27, 1980 with burial at the North Inman Cemetery. The AIMM family prays that Justina, son Loren and his family may experience the Lord's sustaining grace as they adjust to the loss of their husband and father.

AFTER WORK

*Lord, when Thou seest that my work is done,
Let me not linger on,
With failing powers,
Adown the weary hours, —
A workless worker in a world of work,
But, with a word,
Just bid me home,
And I will come
Right gladly, —
Yea, right gladly
Will I come.*

— John Oxenham

Address Update

ON THE FIELD

Kalonda Station

B.P. 1

Tshikapa via Kinshasa

Republic of Zaire

- Jim and Jeanette Christensen
- John and Mary Pauls
- Dennis and Shirley Ries
- Anna V. Liechty
- Leona Schrag
- Mary Epp

Tshikapa Station

B.P. 1

Tshikapa via Kinshasa

Republic of Zaire

- Herman and Ruth Buller

Mukedi Station

B.P. 1

Tshikapa via Kinshasa

Republic of Zaire

- Don and Naomi Unruh

Nyanga Station

B.P. 1

Tshikapa via Kinshasa

Republic of Zaire

- Levi and Eudene Keidel
- Lodema Short
- Donna Colbert

Kamayala Station

B.P. 4081

Kinshasa II

Republic of Zaire

- Ben and Helen Eidse

Kinshasa

B.P. 4081

Kinshasa II

Republic of Zaire

- Earl and Ruth Roth
- Peter and Gladys Buller
- John and Leona Krause

Upper Volta

Mission Protestante

B.P. 40

Orodara, Upper Volta

- Dennis and Jeanne Rempel

Botswana

P.O. Box 703

Gaborone, Botswana

- John and Ruth Kliewer
- Henry and Naomi Unrau

P.O. Box 469

Selibe Pikwe, Botswana

- Irvin and Lydia Friesen

Private Bag 24

Francistown, Botswana

- Ron Sawatzky

P.O. Box 669

Francistown, Botswana

- Harry and Lois Dyck

Lesotho

P.O. Box MS 365

Maseru, Lesotho

- Robert and Joyce Gerhart
- Stan and Lorri Nussbaum
- John and Tina Bohn
- Jim and Vicki Egli

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41 rue Saxe-Cobourg

1030 Bruxelles

Belgium

- Dennis and Dianne Schmidt

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Anita Janzen

Bethel College

North Newton, KS 67117

David and Kathy Rocke

Box 423

Gilbert, IA 50105

Henry and Betty Loewen

32058 DeBreen

Clearbrook, British Columbia

V2T 1H2

Rudy and Elvina Martens

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Elkhart, IN 46517

Glenn and Ina Rocke

Route 1

Pekin, IL 61554

Loren and Donna Entz

c/o AMBS

3003 Benham Avenue

Elkhart, IN 46514

John and Martha Byler

18232 Clairmont Drive

South Bend, IN 46637

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Aganetha Friesen Enns

Sp. 102 Hawthorne Acres

310 NE Kings Valley Highway

Dallas, OR 97338

Archie and Irma Graber

Route 2

Stryker, OH 43557

Frieda Guengerich

6650 West Butler Drive, Apt. 6

Glendale, AZ 85302

Justina Neufeld

609 South Walnut, Box 183

Inman, KS 67546

Anna and Tina Quiring

Box 105, 209 Ninth Street

Mountain Lake, MN 56159

Mabel Sauder

Route 2

Grabill, IN 46741

Fanny Schmallenberger

138½ North Maple

Morton, IL 61550

Russell and Helen Schnell

10599-114th Avenue North

Largo, FL 33540

Merle and Dorothy Schwartz

811 Osage Street

Normal, IL 61761

Vernon J. and Irena Sprunger

665 Hendricks

Berne, IN 46711

Mary J. Toews

Pleasant View Home

Inman, KS 67546

Selma Unruh

202 S. Birch

Hillsboro, KS 67063

Edwin and Irene Weaver

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Hesston, KS 67062

Lois Slagle

Box 424

Pioneer, OH 43554

EDITORIAL

THE AIMM DELEGATION was nearing the end of its six week itinerary which had by late July taken it to Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, Kenya, South Africa, Botswana and Lesotho. And now they were on Nyanga Station, one of the original four posts opened by the AIMM in the first two decades of its ministry in Zaire. They had spent a full day in sessions with the Mennonite Church's recently appointed administrative council which included its newly elected president and vice-president. There had been a lengthy agenda dealing with such concerns as leadership training, budget needs, equipment problems, evangelism seminars, maintenance costs, TEE projections, high cost of travel and scholarship requests.

The men were sharing notes and impressions from the day in the guest house when there came a knock at the screen door. Upon going to the veranda we were confronted by a bare-footed Zairian dressed in an oft washed white cotton T shirt and a well travelled pair of trousers from which any semblance of crease had long since departed. Across one shoulder was a short stick from which bundles were suspended from either end. He immediately extended a calloused hand and with a broad smile explained: "I'm Moses Musenvu. I've come all the way to Nyanga from Mukedi, my home village, to greet you, our "ngambis," (preachers or teachers) who have come from "Ah-may-ree-kee" (i.e. America). I have often heard about Nyanga but this is the first time in my life I've ever stepped my feet on this station. It is a long way (65 miles) but last week when I heard our "ngambis" were coming, I decided to catch a path to come here to see you. Welcome to our land."

WE GATHERED AN assortment of chairs and stools and began to chat with our visitor. Through translation the story began to unfold. A self-appointed itinerant evangelist, we learned that he was known far and wide through the area. Although somewhat simple and a bit credulous, he was constantly on the move with his bundles, sleeping wherever sunset found him, eating whatever was offered to him, spurred by his own inner conviction that he had to tell people about Jesus.

"And what is in your bundles, Moses?" someone asked. Quickly he began to untie one of them explaining: "These are my pictures that I use to show people what I'm preaching about." Soon he stood before us with two tattered picture rolls suspended from their stick mountings and held by home-spun raphia strings. Secured at some bygone time from missionaries, they had obviously been handled by many pairs of hands. The one roll was open to a large drawing of a human form over which were traced a variety of sketches symbolizing human frailties and sins: a rooster denoting noisy belligerence; a spear representing bloodshed; a viper implying jealousy and gossip; a witch's cauldron signifying death. And in the midst of all of the line drawings was another: a figure of Christ on the cross.

The other roll was hanging open to a scene picturing David with his poised slingshot confronting a heavily armed Goliath who approached with a great spear ready to be hurled. As he stood thus before us, he began singing an old hymn familiar to us all which had been translated into Gipende years earlier: "There's Power in the Blood." In Gipende the first line starts out: "Would you like a white heart? Let the blood of Jesus wash it." Finishing his hymn he launched into an earnest commentary on the importance of the Gospel for his land. He repeatedly thanked his "ngambis" for having brought the news to him and his people and wished us safe travel back to our home land. Still holding the rolls He led us all in prayer. When the Amen was finally pronounced, he reassembled his bundles, shook hands all around and took his departure. There was still some time before sunset. This being his first time to Nyanga, he might well still find a group that would listen if he sang a hymn, unrolled a picture scroll and explained who Jesus is.

BEFORE DRIFTING OFF to sleep that night, I found myself reviewing the agenda that was waiting for us as we again would be seated around tables with the church's administrative council the next day. We were to talk about unresolved budget issues, about their requests for missionary personnel, about the serious inroads of Islam and the growing problems of graft and dishonesty abroad in their land. Then suddenly, in my mind's eye stood Moses with his picture rolls and abruptly the significance of the sequence struck me. First the concerns of the spirit and the nurture of the inner man, then turn to face the demands, challenges and threats of the world in which we are called to minister and serve. Moses had never graduated from Bible School but he none-the-less had his priorities straight. Tend first to the battle of the heart, then turn to the fray without!

As I write these lines I don't know where Moses is but I can safely assume that he is somewhere with his ragged picture rolls singing, preaching and praying wherever he can get two or three people to listen to him.

God bless you Moses, wherever you are.

That Picture On Our Cover James Bertsche



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224 West High Street
Elkhart, Indiana
46514

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Goshen College
Goshen, Indiana 46526

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